Historical Etchings of Milford Del. and Vicinity

Photo. by Daugherty FIRST STORE-HOUSE IN SOUTH MILFORD—1778 Front.

HISTORICAL ETCHINGS

OF

MILFORD AND VICINITY

Some facts and fancies old and new
Embellished by a rhyme or two

Edited by

GEO. B. HYNSON

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Preface

This history of Milford grew out of a determination to write a series of articles for publication in the PENINSULAR NEWS AND ADVERTISER. As the work proceeded and the interest in the subject grew, it seemed desirable to preserve the matter in more durable form; the result is this publication.

It has been at considerable labor that the various materials have been gathered and the items verified. We have given each detail such careful attention and have had such valuable assistance, that we believe this is a truthful history. No pains have been spared in careful research, and we have had invaluable help from persons of a bygone generation whose memories linger in the past. Perhaps after another decade this book could not have been written.

We wish to acknowledge the kindly interest taken in the work by many friends, and their valuable suggestions; but we are especially indebted to Rev. J. Leighton McKim who has prepared considerable matter, and whose criticism has been most valuable. Above all else he has been animated by a desire to make the work authentic, and we are indebted to him for much research leading to that result.

Without the assistance of James H. Bell very many interesting details would never have been known. There is no man in the town with such a fund of information regarding the people and events of the community,

as he became associated with the business and business men of Milford at the age of fifteen. His memory covers a greater part of the century, and this knowledge is supplemented by countless interesting items which he has gathered from elderly persons and treasured from his youthful years.

Dr. J. S. Prettyman has assisted us materially in the history of the press; J. Y. Foulk, Esq., on the history of the Presbyterian Church, and Mr. I. R. Jester on the history of the Baptist Church, and the early press.

The chief idea animating all has not been to write for popularity—to flatter some at the expense of others, but first, that it shall be truthful, and,secondly, that it shall be interesting and valuable.

This history of Milford, with whatever merits it may possess, with its imperfections, we submit to the public, trusting that our friends may accord to it the treatment it deserves.

HYNSON & MEARS.

MILFORD, DELAWARE,
December, 1899.

Some history in volumes writ,
And fragments gathered bit by bit;
Traditions dim with cobwebs spun,
And handed down from sire to son.
The dust of years has left its trace
In many a nook and hiding-place,—
On faded parchment brown with age
And quaint old letters, page on page,
On deeds conveying house and lands,
That turn to ashes in our hands.

Some bits and scraps of days of old,
Some stories that our fathers told,
Some fancies and perhaps a rhyme
In honor of ye olden time.
These are the times of which we sing,
These are the treasures which we bring,
And so we ask a little space,
To show them in the market-place,
These treasures gathered near and far—
Our pack is open! Here they are!

Introduction

THE student of history is not a mere book-worm who stores his mind with bits of useless information. He soon comes to understand the relationship between the past and the present, and from the wisdom thus gleaned may, with some prophetic foresight, venture to cast the horoscope of the future.

We have come on a long journey, and if we are

> "The heir of all the ages
> In the foremost files of time,"

it is both interesting and profitable to seek those sources from whence we came, since the past is eloquent with good deeds to be emulated, and evil ones to be shunned; of successes to be repeated, and of failures to be avoided.

"To the making of books there is no end," and among those of the most primitive peoples, history takes the first place. When the press is instituted then the traditions handed down from generation to generation, are stamped upon the page, by "the art preservative of all arts," and henceforward are called "history."

And while peoples and nations have thus had their deeds exploited, there are smaller, humbler communities, each working out its own destiny. They have their folk-lore and their traditions. These grow dim as the years advance and often fade into obscurity, or are blotted from recollection altogether. In our own community many generations have lived and died. They re-

claimed this land from a wilderness. On the spot where traffic plies up and down our streets, and where our stores and dwellings stand, once grew the rank growth of primeval forests. The hardy pioneers who laid out their farms, and built this town were our progenitors. Their names are our names; and the blood that pulsed in their veins now flows in ours.

What were their experiences—their names, their deeds, then, are matters of interest to us. It shall be our task, therefore, in the following pages to gather up and condense the various bits of information, collected from many sources, and for the most part, containing information that is accurate.

The Peninsular News and Advertiser,

Hynson & Mears,

Editors and Publishers.

Early Settlements

WHEN Henry Hudson set forth on his voyage to the new world in the endeavor to discover a north-west passage to the Pacific, he sailed a sea practically unknown, and when he touched land it was to find an unexplored wilderness. As most of our readers are aware, the first body of inland water which he explored was the Delaware Bay. Along the shores he saw long stretches of level lands bordered with marshes through which numerous streams wound their way peacefully to the sea. Here and there this hardy mariner beheld smoke lazily curling upward from Indian camps. There was a village of red men on the banks of the Hoorn Kill (now Lewes Creek) the evidences of which still remain. Another dotted the shore with its wigwams near the mouth of the Mispillion, while farther to the north, here and there, were small bodies camped along the shore intent on the fish and oysters which abounded in the waters. These, too, left traces which remain to this day, and at times, after the high tides have cut their way into the beach, bits of pottery are unearthed which crumble in the hand.

But Hudson left our beautiful stream and sailed farther to the north, where he discovered the noble river which still bears his name. It was left to other men to settle and reclaim the country. The two first points of settlement were at Lewes and New Castle; the former then called Hoorn Kill, and the latter New

Amstel. These pursued a varying fortune. The people of the first settlement at Lewes were massacred, and both possessions passed from the Dutch to the English; and from the English to the Dutch again, until they finally became English till the date of our Revolution. The settlement of these places antedated that of Pennsylvania, and when William Penn sailed for the New World to take possession of his somewhat indefinite domain, he landed at New Castle, and for a time contemplated making it his capitol. Meanwhile English emmigrants under the protection of Lord Baltimore had been planting settlements along what is now termed the Eastern Shore. And from this starting point, they gradually spread over the western part of this Peninsula and down into the southern region, now a part of Virginia. In time they invaded the "three Lower Counties" as they were called, and became especially numerous in Kent and Sussex.

Thus the early settlers of this region came from three sources: from the North (New Castle;) from the South (Lewes:) and from the West, or "Eastern Shore of Maryland and Virginia." But from the latter settlements came the great majority. And hence it happens that our people bear English names; that our town and political divisions are called for places in the mother country. The two lower counties in the early days were called St. Jones and Hoorn Kill. The former was the English appellation, and the latter the Dutch. After the country came into the possession of the English, the names of Kent and Sussex were adopted. Who named them we do not know, but whoever it was must have been dreaming of the beau-

tiful meadows and woodlands of these divisions in his own native England. For a time there was not even a village in Kent, and only the small settlement of Lewes in Sussex.

After awhile the country became sparsely settled. In many cases immigrants simply took possession of a bit of territory more or less indefinite and subsequently laid out its boundaries. Others purchased directly from the Indians, and gave as consideration a few trinkets of little value. But they first occupied those lands along the bay and the creeks, and the farms were laid out in long parallelograms, each including a strip of marsh land, the object being to allow every settler pasturage for his cattle, and to afford water communication.

The life was primitive indeed. The clothing was home-made, at first consisting largely of skins, which, like the Indians, they fashioned into garments. Later they learned to raise flax, and from this and the wool of their sheep, managed to produce almost every article of clothing and household linen. Transportation was largely by horseback or by oxen drawing crude carts, which went lumbering over meadows, through woods and across streams, till in time regular roads were formed, some of which are the highways of travel for the descendants of these pioneers to this day. There were no bridges, and the streams not dammed, ran their courses unfettered to the sea.

The houses, rude and widely scattered, at first were made of logs plastered with mud, their chimneys built of sticks filled in with the same material. There was a vast acreage of land yet untilled. Over this

cattle roved, and the music of the tinkling cow-bells was heard far and wide, accompanied with the wild melody of the mocking-bird or the shrill call of the "bob white."

The farmers cultivated only corn and wheat; their bread was made almost exclusively from the former, as the latter was too expensive a luxury. There were slaves, too, who occupied the log-houses which had been the former dwelling places of their masters. For these pioneers were not content to abide in their first estate, but built rude saw-mills, and from the timber they fashioned, erected the first frame structures in the community. Perhaps a half dozen men in the two counties, nabobs in their generation, built what were regarded as palaces, of brick. Several of these structures are still standing. But for the most part, wood was used exclusively and the buildings were of one-story, or if the builder was a rich man, a story-and-a half. The barns were small structures with huge frames heavily mortised and secure. They would scarcely accommodate the product of a single acre now, but were large enough then. An extensive farm might produce two or three hundred bushels of corn and fifty or a hundred bushels of wheat. But the owner of such a farm was an envied plutocrat. Besides these, they grew little else for market. Later on, bark and cord-wood yielded a revenue, and apples and peaches were distilled into brandy. But this was almost solely for home consumption. Every man had his dram before breakfast, and brandy was an indispensable article on state occasions, such as country dances, barn raisings, hog-killings, or when distinguished company came.

When the country began to be settled, and the necessity of communication with the outer world arose, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York were growing into flourishing towns. These places became the markets for most of our produce and the source from whence came the supplies we needed. Communication was to be had by sailing craft, which were built and launched in our waters. At first these were rude and small, carrying only a few tons. They had no regular wharves or landing places, but drew into the banks along the shores of the creeks and took in, or emptied, their cargoes at the most convenient places.

The Awakening

MISPILLION next commands the eye,
On northern bank doth Milford stand,
With taste and elegance 'tis plann'd;
Has been increasing since its rise,
In beauty, trade and point of size.
When closed the war in eighty-one,
This town as yet had not begun,
The house of Oliver—no more—
Stood on the solitary shore,
But standing on the spot to-day
One sees a hundred, so they say."

These lines written by James Iddings, a local poet, and published in *The Monitor*, of Wilmington, in 1804, give us an idea of the start of the town and its subsequent progress.

Meanwhile the forces were at work which were in time to build our towns and villages. There were certain landing places more convenient than others, and consequently they became centers for the people to gather. Then a mill would be built and a road constructed to secure access to it. If there happened to be a spot near this point where the stream was fordable, all the elements to make a town were present. Such were the beginnings of the town of Milford. It was clearly foreseen that ultimately a village must spring up on the banks of the Mispillion for the reason that the popula-

tion along its shores was growing, and the products were increasing yearly. But for a time there was doubt as to where it would be located. Some thought it should be built near what is called the New Wharf. There were a number of vessels sailing from that point and several settlements in the vicinity. A large burial-ground was laid out, and there sleep, doubtless, many of our ancestors, their graves unmarked, their history unknown. But the site on which this town stands held some superior advantages; the river could be forded near by, and naturally the roads would lead to and from this point, bringing the traffic of the country and causing the people to congregate here. Such were the conditions prior to 1778.

Before the Revolution most of the land of what is now the town of North Milford was the plantation of one Joseph Oliver. It was called "Saw-mill Range," and was warranted to the original owner, Henry Bowman, in 1680. It passed by inheritance to his son John, who sold it to Jacob Warrington. Joseph Oliver purchased it of Warrington, who was his father-in-law, in 1773. This man was undoubtedly the leading citizen of the community. He was a large land owner, and his wharves were crowded with the shipping of this section. He bought the farmers' produce, and in turn sold them their supplies. Store keeping was less complex in those days than now. Groceries, hardware, medicines and dry goods were confined to a few articles. A little sugar, coffee, tea and tobacco made up the bulk of the grocery trade. Drugs were confined to a few articles compounded of well known roots and herbs. Whiskey was cheap and

plentiful, often it was given to customers as a sort of bonus or premium. It was brought from Philadelphia in huge hogsheads, and the crews were expected to loosen a hoop and help themselves.

Oliver's mansion stood on Front street, east of where the Central Hotel is now located. It was situated about half the distance between the street and the river. Part of what was his spacious lawn is now occupied by the residences of Mrs. Ruth T. Carlisle and Dr. R. Y. Watson. Let us picture the scene: a large old-fashioned mansion surrounded with all the evidences of prosperity, in the midst of a great lawn that stretched away to the road. Beyond this were the woodlands and the fields among the clearings. To the south the yard and garden leading to the river, where the various craft were moored. Such was the scene that met the eyes of this thrifty pioneer.

He was enterprising, too; early in 1791 he obtained permission from the General Assembly to construct a drawbridge at what was called "Oliver's Landing," (now the town of Milford).

This act had been passed as a private act, and under it Mr. Oliver would have been allowed to charge toll. The people objected to this, and in the Legislature of 1791 (before Oliver had begun its construction) the act was repealed. The two counties of Kent and Sussex became the owners, and Nathaniel Hayes and ex-Gov. Daniel Rogers from the latter, and Isaac Davis, Cashier of Smyrna Bank, and Dr. John Ralston, of near the present village of Farmington, from the former county, were appointed overseers to supervise its construction and keep it in order.

Photo. by Daugherty

FIRST HOUSE IN NORTH MILFORD—OLIVER'S

(Removed and Divided)

This bridge was located at or near the place where the present iron structure now spans the stream, and causeways were built thereto. Oliver's house, remodeled and transformed, is still standing. After more than a century and a quarter it is a reminder of the days when there was but one house at this spot and the place named "Oliver's Landing."

After Mr. Oliver's death the house was bought by Charles Watson, of Cedar Neck, who bequeathed it to his daughter, Mrs. Hetty Hooper. She sold it to Curtis S. and Bethuel Watson, who removed the edifice to South Front street and rebuilt it into two houses, which still stand on the west side of S. N. Gray's residence.

About the end of the war with England there came to this section from the Eastern Shore of Virginia, a clergyman of the Church of England named Sydenham Thorne, a man of means and culture. He soon become possessed of the delightfully situated farm of 307 acres located west of a stream called Tanner's Branch, which runs across Front street, and forms the western boundary of Oliver's lands. Here on the high grounds he built a handsome brick residence. To this man is due the credit of the inceptive thought of laying out a town on Mr. Oliver's farm. He evidently saw the possibilities of its becoming an active business center, and that the surest way to make the project a success was to build bridges and dams across the stream and open up the roads for the accommodation of the agricultural population. With these plans in mind he approached Mr. Oliver and offered to build a dam, the most part of which can yet be seen, and which is

known to the present generation as the old Tumbling dam. He was to build it across the river at his own expense, with the understanding that Oliver should have his farm surveyed into building lots.

The latter accepted the proposition, and the agreement was faithfully carried out by both parties. And now we have evidence of the foresight, the wisdom and the public spirit of those two men, in our beautiful, flourishing town. Farmers from Sussex on their way with a grist were compelled to ford the stream, and from the conjunction of this old mill to the ford, the people finally came to designate the place *Milford*. After the bridge was built, vessels used to come up through the draw, past where the present bridge now stands, and on up to the mill, to load with corn for Liverpool. At the present day only a small row boat could traverse this channel.

The new dam soon affording ample water power, a saw-mill was erected at the east end, and a grist-mill lower down where the Red Mill now stands. Naturally the reader will ask when this was? Well, some years ago a communication was published in a Wilmington paper from the pen of a Wilmingtonian, in which he related that while on a visit to London he went into the British Museum Library, and was surprised and delighted to pick up a small history of Delaware (written by an Englishman about 1795). Among other towns spoken of was Milford. It said "that Milford was pleasantly located; that the streets were laid off rectangularly; that from 1778, when the first house was built, to 1790, eighty buildings were erected, and that the climate of Delaware was the most changeable

on the face of the earth." It is a source of regret that no note was made of the writer's name and the newspaper in which it appeared, but we are confident that this early account of Milford can be relied upon ; especially that part which relates to the changeable weather bears proof of the truth by the fact that even now many are of the same opinion.

Pioneers and Their Homes

NORTH MILFORD

AS early as 1778, Martin De Waele, a French emigrant, settled here and built the large frame hotel which for so many years stood on the site where now stands Kramlich's brick hostelry. De Waele also built and owned the two-story brick store-house at the corner of Walnut and Second streets, South Milford.

The first dwelling-house erected in Milford after it was laid out was Gallaudet Oliver's. It stood on the southeast corner of North and Second streets. He was by trade a gunsmith and his shop was just north of his residence. He mended the old flint-locks of his day, and was the first locksmith of this section.

At the northwest corner of Front and North streets as far back as 1788 there stood a building devoted to millinery. Here young girls learned the trade, and other young girls bedecked themselves with the finery of the period; and, if old fashion plates are truthful, a curious head dress was worn by these great-great grandmothers of ours.

Subsequently, about 1803, all the building lots fronting on the west side of North street, between Front and Second streets, came into the possession of John Wallace, Esq., who married the widowed mother of Dr. John M. Lofland, the "Milford Bard."

Photo. by Daugherty

RESIDENCE OF MRS. R. B. ROUDABUSH

Mr. Wallace built a dwelling and storehouse all under one roof as it is now outlined, where Mrs. R. B. Roudebush resides, and which now bears no resemblance to the building it was in 1793, except in the large old-fashioned chimney which still abuts on the street.

On the west side of North above Fourth street there stood an old frame dwelling-house until within the last five years. It was built prior to 1800, and was the home of Thomas Collins, a very eccentric local preacher. The house remained there for years untenanted and dilapidated, with the end next to the street, against which was built a towering chimney that threatened to fall across the road; through fear of this possibility the building was torn down and the chimney razed about five years ago. Mr. Collins had three sons, Neddy, Henderson and John Wesley. The first-named, Neddy, and his son John Wesley and his son and grandson were all bricklayers, who built, or helped to build most of the old brick houses in town.

A Frenchman named Shivellier, put up a large frame house on part of the ground where the Masonic Hall now stands. After Shivellier's death the building was for years occupied by shops. It was sold and removed down Front street to a lot on the east side of the last brick house there. It is still standing, and in its rear for a kitchen is a one-story frame house that stood for no one knows how long on the southwest corner of Front and Walnut streets. It was first occupied by Thomas May, then by Garret Sipple, and next by Henry Hudson as a store; then by John Dutton, a

silver-plater, and last by Simeon Blood, a broom and brush maker.

Shivellier had other property, but dying without kin, part of it escheated to the State. He owned a coal black slave named "Dublin." To him was given *in fee* the valuable building lots whereon Mark G. Lofland and Col. Mark H. Davis reside. The first-named lot is at the northwest corner of Walnut and Second streets; the other is on Walnut near Second street. Dublin lived on the corner property, in a little "shak" about ten feet square; on the other corner Peter F. Causey resided. The negro worked at *rossing* bark, and was a proud, aristocratic fellow. After his death it was found that he had bequeathed to Mr. Causey the corner house and lot, and the other lot to Rev. Trusten P. McColley, two of the wealthiest men in town. Like most of the bark shavers, when he went to work in the morning, he carried in his hand a little brown jug of whiskey, which was sure to be empty at sundown. But when the temperance reform was inaugurated, he and the rest put their jugs into baskets and carried them down on their shoulders.

Where Alderman Foulk resides, on North street near Fourth, Jabez H. Cropper, a tailor, formerly lived, and taught the business of tailoring to a number of apprentices, who followed him. Among them were Wm. N. W. Dorsey, who married one of his daughters; Levin Swiggett, Clement Clark, of Wanamaker & Brown; and Wm. T. DuPree, of DuPree & Chantry, Philadelphia.

The May family, now of Philadelphia, of which Captain Henry May was the head, used to reside here;

their dwelling is still standing on Front street below Pear. They amassed fortunes as bankers and ship owners.

Among the earliest settlers in this section was a man named Samuel Paisley. He built, and for a time, occupied part of the brick building next to the May property; the eastern end was added by Spencer Williams, who purchased it and resided there till his death. Samuel Paisley left Milford and settled on a farm he owned, which is now the property of Peter L. Lofland. His son, Samuel Paisley, jr., was of a romantic turn of mind, and wrote several pieces of poetry to imaginary charmers, which were printed in the *Milford Beacon* and later local papers under the *nom de plume* of "Brutus."

The elder Paisley, while coming up the river with a load of oysters, had the misfortune to capsize his *dug-out* at "Reville's Landing," and was drowned.

The brick part of the National Hotel at the corner of Walnut and Front streets, was erected by Daniel Godwin. When Peter F. Causey bought it he added the third story; and as the first three-story house in town, it was an object of great interest to rural visitors of that period.

Sometime in the decade of 1840, Hudson Burr (a son of Joseph Burr, the first lessee of the Ridgway House, at the foot of Market street, Philadelphia) came here with his family, and leased the National Hotel; he remained for several years, and then went to Lewes, where, in connection with Charles Wilson, late of Washington, D. C., he built the United States Hotel at that place. The patronage was not such as Mr.

Burr expected, and he removed to Iowa. He was one of the handsomest men who ever lived in the town, a veritable son of Anak, yet kind and affectionate as a woman. After Mr. Burr, the property was owned by James Tumlin, of New Castle county, who added the third-story frame part and generally improved the building. Subsequently, Justus Lowery bought the place, and made it a popular hostelry for a number of years. He was at one time possessed of a considerable fortune, which was impaired by embarking in too many projects, until one night a barber, who had been a valet to General Torbert while Consul General in Paris, and was now a tenant of the premises, became suddenly insane and set fire to Lowery's stables, which with contiguous buildings, were burned to the ground. This disheartened him, but he struggled as best he could with adversity, until eventually the property passed into the hands of James A. Stovel, of Philadelphia, who now owns it.

The old pottery building on Pear street, near Causey's ore wharf (operated by John H. Denning, from Marcus Hook, Pa.), formerly stood on Front street, on the site now occupied by John P. Steward's shoe store and dwelling; at one time it was the town post-office.

The small shop, now a Chinese laundry, next to Viereck's, is over a hundred years old, and was constructed by a carpenter named Jonathan Milman, long since deceased. It was in this building, that T. P. McColley, in early manhood, carried on the hatter's business.

The first Masonic Hall in Milford was in the second story of the Academy, from the time the lodge was or-

ganized until 1846, when it was moved into its present quarters.

Seventy years ago, on the picturesque elevation where Mrs. Elizabeth Clark resides, there stood a one-story frame dwelling occupied by one William Sammons and his family. In time it was purchased of Peter F. Causey by Daniel C. Godwin, who changed the sloping hill and erected the handsome dwelling that crowns this charming location. After he was appointed Register of Wills at Dover, he sold the property to Dr. Robert Frame, who occupied it for a time and then built the dwelling on Second street near Walnut, where Colonel Theodore Townsend lives. Dr. Frame conveyed the Godwin property to a real estate agent who subsequently failed in business, and the place was bought by Doctor Robert H. Clark, paymaster in the the U. S. Navy, whose abundant wealth and leisure, and cultivated taste, transformed the spot into one of the most elegant homes in Milford.

William Sammons removed to Washington street, South Milford, and occupied a little house, that as far back as 1825 was a schoolhouse.

The two-story brick building at the northwest corner of Second and North streets was built by John Purden. None of the family are now living unless it be Miss Anna Burley. It was occupied by Hiram W. McColley for a number of years, and probably is now the property of his heirs.

The old brick dwelling on Front street, west of Kramlich's hotel, was built by Purnell Lofland, who was born in 1760. He died in his 59th year, and was succeeded by his son, Dr. James P. Lofland, who

remained there until he removed to the residence he built on Front street, between Church and North streets, where he died. The Doctor's son, Hon. James R. Lofland, occupied the new house until his death in 1894.

On the site of the stately brick residence in which Mrs. Elizabeth Mitchell lived and died, there formerly stood an old frame house where Samuel Draper lived for a long time. About 1850 the Milford Bank bought the property and erected the present three-story brick buildingfor a banking house. Before this the bank occupied temporarily a part of Capt. James T. Burley's house where the *Milford Democrat* is now published. But before taking possession of the new building the concern failed and went out of business. Then Dr. James R. Mitchell (who had for a long time occupied all those white brick buildings between Dr. Purnell's office and Mrs. Cornelius J. Hall's residence on Front street) bought the new bank building and removed to it, and there a few years later he died. His wife was Elizabeth Wallace, daughter of John Wallace.

Peter T. Causey came to Milford at an early period from Easton, Md. He died here, and his son, Peter F. Causey, succeeded him, and lived in the same house until he was first nominated for Governor, when he removed to his brick property nearly opposite.

When John McCurdy, of Philadelphia, built the dwelling for his daughter, Mrs. Nehemiah Davis, where Frank Rickards now resides; and Daniel C. Godwin erected the building where his daughter, Mrs. Ella Collins, lives, the old Causey house, which stood on the site, was torn down to give place for the new ones.

All who go down Front street, have no doubt noticed near Draper, Davis & Co.'s phosphate works an old two-story frame building. It was a part of the Elijah Jester residence which formerly stood on the northeast corner of Front and Walnut streets, occupy- with other houses, the site of the brick building now on the corner. It was bought by W. N. W. Dorsey, and removed to its present location. The main building, formerly a tavern, was torn down. Mr. Jester married a sister of Col. Thomas Peterkin. Near the above old house is another one-and-a-half story house which used to stand where Mrs. Anna P. Williams' brick residence is on Front near Church street. It was the medical office of Dr. William Burton and his partner, Dr. Robert H. Clark.

The sons of Elijah Jester were Spencer W. Jester, John R. Jester and Wm. E. Jester; the last-named married a daughter of William Wray, who kept a hotel at the foot of Market street, Philadelphia, where the Ridgway house now stands.

But few of the many who have settled here in the far-off past have left such indelible evidence of public spirit, business enterprise and sound judgment as Benjamin B. Wadhams, who was born at New Milford, Conn., in 1789, and died here at the age of 42 years. Some say he appeared as a peddler; but that is not material to this account. He purchased all the west side of Walnut street between Front and Second streets, now owned by Mrs. Mary E. Lofland and Dr. James G. Stanton.

Before Wadhams came, there stood a brick tavern on the northwest corner of Front and Walnut streets, kept

by Abner Dill. There he built a two-story brick store house and dwelling (utilizing the east and south walls and chimney of the Dill hotel, as was plainly seen before the building was rough cast). It is now occupied in part by the First National Bank. The third story was added by the late Col. Fiddeman after his purchase of it from the late Mr. Causey.

Wadhams next built a tavern, as seen in the two lower stories of the Torbert residence, and one James Starr kept it. He next embarked in the mercantile business where the bank now is, and continued up to the time of his death. He carried a heavy stock of miscellaneous merchandise and shipped large quantities of farm products, bark, wood, etc. He left one son, Henry Wadhams, who disposed of all the property to Peter F. Causey, went to New Orleans and died there.

Mr. Causey sold the Starr tavern house to Daniel Currey, who employed a skillful architect (Alonzo Reynolds, of Port Deposit, Md.), to add a third story and modernize the building as it now appears.

Daniel Currey married Miss Mary Polk, sister of Governor Trusten Polk, of Missouri, and aunt of Mrs. William F. Causey. His only daughter, Mary E. Currey, married the late Major Gen. Torbert.

The dwelling on the northwest corner of Second and Church streets, now owned by Mr. McKim, is said to be one of the very first in the town. It was called the "red house," and was known as an old house back as far as 1813.

On the corner of Front and North streets, where Dr. Pratt's drug store is, used to stand a large frame dwelling, also painted red. It was the home of Mrs.

Photo. by Daugherty

GEN. A. T. A. TORBERT'S RESIDENCE

(Now DR. J. G. STANTON'S)

Cynthia Wallace, widow of John Wallace, and mother of the "Milford Bard." It was in front of this house that during the war of 1812, one of the United States soldiers was assassinated; his body was found in the morning on the sidewalk, and that is all now known of the affair.

The canal at the east end of Front street was dredged and wharfed up by H. B. Fiddeman and Daniel Currey, before the building of the railroad here, and when wharf room was in demand. It is now fast filling up with drainage down Front street.

The large white two-story frame dwelling at the southeast corner of the Academy lot, used to stand at the northeast corner of Second and North streets. It was built and occupied by John Williams, a grandson of Reynear Williams 1st, of Angleford Landing. He married a Miss Collins, and their descendants have always been among the leaders in the community. Mrs. Peter F. Causey was one of his daughters.

The two-story brick store house and frame dwelling at the northwest corner of Church and Front streets were built in 1814, and Reynear Williams, son of John Williams, lived there, and carried on merchandising. His first wife was a daughter of Col. Benjamin Potter; after her death he married a sister of Peter F. Causey. When elected Governor, Wm. Tharp removed from Farmington to Milford, purchased the property, and resided there till his death.

On the east side of the above is a large frame dwelling which was owned early in the century by a Frenchman named Millechamp; one of his daughters

married Purnell Hall, father of James M. Hall, Esq., president of the First National Bank.

On the south side of Front street near Church, is a two-story brick house over a hundred years old, now occupied by Mrs. Yardley. It was built by John Pettigrew, and is said to have been at one time an inn. Dr. Greer married his daughter, Miss Ann Pettigrew, who survived him a long time and died more than twenty years ago. She possessed a remarkable memory of the early history of the town. She knew Parson Thorne, and was fond of talking of the eloquent preacher and others who lived here at that period.

At the corner of Lake and Front streets is a two-story brick and frame house, built before 1800 by Capt. Henry M. Paine, a cooper, who was an old man in 1830. He died there, and then the property was bought by James H. McColley, former Consul at Callao, Chili, where he died of yellow fever. He married Elizabeth Bell Dutton, sometime owner of the Haven Mills.

On the west side of the above-named house is a red, two-story frame dwelling in which Gen. Thomas Fisher, the father of Hon. Geo. P. Fisher, once lived. Here the Judge was born 83 years ago, and here it was that he formed the life-long friendship with John M. Clayton, whose father owned the Thorne mansion, nearly opposite across the park.

On Front street, next to the residence of Hon. James R. Lofland, was the home of W. N. W. Dorsey. He came here from Maryland, was postmaster through several Presidential terms, and at one time justice of the peace. When the silk-worm craze came along he

engaged in that until he had a fair nursery of mulberry trees and cocoons. Later he sold out to John M. Darby. Afterwards Dorsey bought the Latchum farm and secured permission from the Legislature to open a road past it, now known as the New Wharf road. From the clay on the farm he made and burned kilns of brick, with which was built the "Hotel Windsor" in SouthMilford. Later he was appointed clerk of the peace at Dover.

East of Dorsey's house was the residence of William Hill, father of Mrs. Nathan Pratt. He was a son of Robert Hill, a wealthy farmer who lived opposite the Wyncoop farm. Mr. Hill married a daughter of John Wallace, and was a brother of Robert Hill, of Smyrna, and Henry Hill, of Philadelphia. His sisters were Mrs. Ann Burton, Mrs. Sally Hudson and Mrs. Eliza Clark, the mother of Dr. Robert H. Clark. He owned nearly all the tillable lots out Walnut street, including the land now the Odd Fellows' cemetery, and the farm, in part, where his father resided, which had a frontage on the road leading to the "Brick Granary," of nearly a mile in length. He was a gentleman of the old school, jovial, dignified and universally beloved.

The house at the northwest corner of Fourth and North streets was bequeathed by Thomas Collins to his son, John Wesley Collins. His daughter, Harriet, married Levin Latchum, after whose death she removed from the Latchum farm to her father's house. She was the mother of James H. and John Latchum, two of our enterprising business men.

The Latchum family is a very old one, extending back for five generations, and they were once local-

ly famous for the excellent shad caught at "Latchum's Fishery."

The white frame building on the northeast corner of Front street and Railroad Avenue was the residence a long while ago of Henry Davis, brother of Isaac Davis, sometime president of the Bank of Smyrna, and the father of George E. Davis, of Milford. It formerly stood where Mrs. C. J. Hall's house stands, and must be at least a hundred years old.

Where the Methodist parsonage is, Henderson Collins, son of Thomas Collins, used to live and keep store, he owned considerable other property, but nearly all was sold before he died. His brother Neddy lived at the extreme end of North street in an old and dilapidated two-story house that was taken away several years ago. His son Edward married Margaret Ann Truitt, who, on becoming a widow, wedded the late Nathaniel Warren, who for many years kept Thorne Point House.

At the point of junction of Fourth and Church streets is a large two-story house, for a long time occupied as a school house, where John Wesley Hudson, and later his brother Joseph, both of South Milford, taught school. A large number of our citizens, now dead, as well as some still living, received their first lessons here.

On the corner of the lawn of Joseph Oliver was a small frame shop, running a little back from the street, kept as a bonnet store by Miss Mary Beswick, and then by Miss Sarah Ann Shockley, and next by Mrs. S. A. Collins, and by how many others before them nobody knows. Some very handsome young ladies learned their trade there, then married and became

the honored mothers of families. The building was bought by William Hill, and removed to his farm north of the town.

The first foundry in Milford is supposed to have been conducted in connection with blacksmithing by Nathan Davis, whose residence is still standing at the northeast corner of Front and Pear streets. The foundry and shop stood south on Pear street, where the garden now is. When the first iron was melted in the *cupola*, a good-sized crowd of the curious went to see it. Mr. Davis was quite successful in business.

Before Carter's Alley, which now runs from Walnut to Pear street, was opened, there stood, adjoining Pardoe's furniture store, an antiquated two-story frame house that had a history. It was built by William Smith, a brother of Mrs. T. P. McColley, who lived and died there; then it became the tin shop of Isaac Steward. Finally it was removed to Water street, near where the town lock-up now stands. In the sixties one Tom Hoskins occupied the house. One night John Bennett, a highly-respected farmer of Milford Neck, went there and asked admission, which Hoskins refused, and from a second-story window shot and mortally wounded Mr. Bennett. Hoskins was arrested, tried and convicted, and was hanged at Dover.

The old building on the east side of Dr. Geo. W. Marshall's residence, was erected, it is believed, by Esquire Moulton Rickards in the beginning of this century. One of his daughters married George White (on whose farm the village of Houston is now located), the other married John Moody, whose son, Thomas Moody, is now a wholesale shoe merchant in Baltimore;

one of his sons, Dr. Rickards, settled in Lewes. A grand-daughter married Hon. Charles Polk, and another married the late Col. C. S. Watson.

In the next building on the west of the above-named house was the office of Discount and Deposit of the Bank of Smyrna, for a long time the only bank in town. Peter Caverly, a nephew of Parson Thorne, was its first local director, and Spencer Williams the first cashier; he was succeeded by George S. Adkins, who was followed by Thomas F. Hammersley. Excepting the bank room, the rest of the building was in tenure of some family. It is supposed that Col. Thomas Peterkin, a wealthy citizen, erected the building. At any rate the earliest occupant, so far as known, was his sister, Polly Peterkin, a spinster, who married one James Webb, several years younger than herself. When she suddenly died, there were rumors of poison. Her husband immediately fled, was pursued and captured at a tavern kept by Samuel Warren, at Fleatown on the Georgetown road. He was arraigned, but escaped conviction from lack of sufficient evidence. About 1837 Clement Morris lived in the bank. One Saturday night he failed to appear as usual, and, on Sunday morning his body was found upright in the Tub-mill race. A verdict of suicide was rendered by the coroner's jury, and so great was the excitement in the town that half the grown-up population went out to see the corpse.

We frequently hear of "Paul Knabb's Lane." It runs from the eastern end of the town to a corner of Front street, and thence to Simpson's phosphate works

Photo. by Daugherty A MODERN RESIDENCE p 36
(A. PULLEN'S)

on the river. Knabb's house, according to information obtained from an old resident, stood on the border of May's lot upon a site now covered by a little cluster of locust trees. He followed the occupation of oystering and fishing. Singularly enough, his name still sticks to the lane, while the names of hundreds of other men more widely known in life are forgotten.

On the site of the phosphate factory was a fishery belonging to Capt. Henry May. In early times, fishing on Sunday was not illegal, and when shad were abundant, the day did not interfere with the sport of catching them. One morning more than two hundred were landed here, it is said, at a single haul.

The meadow at the east end of Front street was banked up in former times so effectually that corn was raised on the higher part, and the lower afforded excellent pasture. It belonged to Dr. James P. Lofland and his brother-in-law, Spencer Williams.

The three-story brick dwelling house near the southeast corner of Front street and Railroad Avenue was erected by William Wolff, of Pottsville, Pa., for his daughter, who married the late Purnell Lofland, a brother-in-law of former Chancellor Harrington. Mr. Lofland inherited the ground-rents of the town, of which his widow afterwards became possessed. She sold her interest to Peter L. Lofland for $5,000. Purnell Lofland embarked in mercantile affairs on the corner nearly opposite his residence; he also bought the Benjamin Henderson farm, which comprised what are now the farms of J. J. Rosa, Mrs. Snell and part of the land of Gen. Van Vorst; but having no training in business affairs he soon failed.

Our forefathers were strangely unmindful of the demands of health, exercise and recreation of their posterity when they spoliated the beautiful knolls and sloping hills within the town limits, on the eastern side that once adorned the site, to obtain gravel for filling in wharves and repairing streets. This left unsightly, disease-breeding pools of stagnant water, where once luxuriant oaks crowned the hills and afforded charming suburban retreats, where, under the breezy shades and in view of pleasant landscapes, our young people could resort and enjoy themselves. On the north side of the town was "Harrison Grove," quite extensive, well wooded and close to the heart of the town. It was so called because mass meetings were held there when William Henry Harrison was a candidate for the presidency. Nothing remains there now to remind us of the grove but the bare ground.

In Good Old Sussex County

[Reprint from the Year Book of the Sons of Delaware].

By GEORGE B. HYNSON

IN good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware,
I often say to my old wife, "I'm glad we're livin' there.
The country's kind of humble like, a-stretchin to the sea,
It ain't a stylish lookin' place, and don't pretend to be;
They ain't a mountain anywhere a-holdin' up its head;
They ain't no rocks, but only sand a-shinin' there instead,
But they's allus welcome fer ye, you can feel it in the air,
In good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware.

The sweetest kind of music is the rustle of the corn,
And the whippoorwills a-callin' in the early of the morn,
And the bees among the clover hummin' sech a lovely tune,
That a feller'd be contented with an everlastin June.
I love to watch the glowin' sun and then the summer rain,
That teches up the dusty grass, and makes it smile again,
With happiness fer everyone, and jest a bit to spare,
In good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware.

I reckon they ain't nothin' that a feller could compare
To the red and juicy peaches that you find a-growin' there;

Jest help yerself, its all the same ef you should take a few,
Fer every farmer counts hisself a neighbor unto you ;
They say in good old Sessex, "that sense the air is free,
And not a cent to pay fer it, that peaches ought to be ;"
So help yerself, I reckon they's a-plenty and to spare,
In good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware.

I like to be in Sessex in the water-millon time,
'Cause that's the place to git 'em ef ye want 'em in their prime,
Some says the finest millon is the good old "Mountain Sweet,"
And others says the "Rattlesnake" is ruther hard to beat,
But the finest water-millon you must pull at early morn,
While the dew is shinin' on him, and you eat him in the corn ;
You take him from a neighbor, who has plenty and to spare,
In good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware.

I like to hear the fellers talk around the village store,
Of hosses and of politics, and why the land is pore,
Of rabbit-dogs and setter pups, and social like, you know—
About your neighbors' business, and all the debts they owe ;
And talk about the crops of corn, and 'bout the price of wheat
And how to pickle pork, ye know, to make it fit to eat ;
And every other livin' thing they'll be discussin there,
In good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware.

I like to see the purple grapes a-hangin' from the vines ;
I like to hear the rabbit-dogs a-yelpin' in the pines ;
When the shoats are all a-thrivin' and the turkeys gittin' fat,
With "possum and pertaters" fer yer mouth to water at,
The boys a-gittin' hickory-nuts, the men a-huskin corn,
The women gittin' dinner, and the gals to blow the horn,
Of all the blessin's goin', they has got the biggest share,
In good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware.

And 'long in winter evenin's I like to stay at home,
Around the fire and warm myself, and have the neighbors come,
And talk in jest a social way about the folks you know ;
And maybe mention one or two that's underneath the snow ;
And have some meller apples then and cider jes to waste,
With a little drop of suthin' else to give the stuff a taste ;
We make it out of peaches that you find a-growin there,
In good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware.

I ain't as spry as onct I was, I guess I'm gittin' old ;
I'm pushed aside fer younger men, I ain't no good I'm told ;
My boys they all has left the farm, and gone in town to stay ;
They pester me to sell the place, and then to move away ;
But here alone with my old wife, I'm happy as I be,
With all the fields, and all the flowers a-smilin' back at me ;
And jest a few more years, I guess, and we will slumber there,—
In good old Sessex County, down in little Delaware.

South Milford

WHATEVER the reasons may have been, it will be seen that the settlement and development of the town of Milford occurred first on the northern bank of the river. It may have been in consequence of there being high land along the northern shore of the stream, offering good advantages for wharves without great expense and trouble of filling in the marshes. Besides, the first mill was erected on this side; and in those days a mill was a great factor in developing a settlement. But much undoubtedly was due to the enterprise of Thorne and Oliver, who laid out the town in building lots, and proceeded to "boom" the place.

Now if the reader will observe the location of the first settled part of North Milford, he will find that it was all on high land, so that access to the river could be had at all points. And here the shipping lay, and cargoes were received and unloaded. Consequently, in this vicinity the first stores were built, to carry on the necessary trading. But on the other side of the river, opposite this section, from the present bridge to the Milford Mills, was a stretch of marsh which offered no accommodation for shipping, for roads or buildings. The present approach to the Walnut street bridge was once almost bottomless mud, and the street was built only by corduroying the surface and by great filling in. This place was so bad that for many years it was

Photo. by Daugherty

W. F. CAUSEY'S RESIDENCE
(LEVIN CRAPPER'S)

difficult to keep a good road-bed, owing to the sinking of the surface into the decomposed matter below. Recently, in excavating at this point for a sewer, a line of black soil was seen at a depth of about seven feet. Here was the original marsh, and at this level were discovered some huge white-oak timbers which were undoubtedly a part of the approach to the first drawbridge across the river.

At a later day, however, when the bridge was built, wharves were established on the high banks farther down the stream on the south side. Then the great ship-yards sprang up in the same locality, and South Milford began to grow and rival her elderly sister.

The oldest house in South Milford, if not in the whole town, is unquestionably Mr. William Frederic Causey's. It appears that an English architect named Mitchell built it for Levin Crapper, esquire, about 1763. Levin, (the second son of John Crapper, who died in Cedar Creek Hd. in 1752,) deserves more than a passing notice. He was evidently a person of no small importance in the community, for he was a magistrate in the days when only men of character could be appointed to this high office. He was also a vestryman of Cedar Creek church, and associated with Isaac Watson and Stephen Townsend in a conveyance-bond given to the corporation of St. Matthew's by David Thornton in 1768, the year in which the second church of this name was built. His death occurred in 1775, beyond the age of three score and ten. Levin Crapper was the original proprietor of South Milford and all its environs, and is said to have been the wealthiest man in Sussex county at that time,

his property, including 1570 acres of land, being appraised at £30,000 (Pennsylvania currency) a large fortune in 1775. He left a son Molton; another son Levin, who for some cause or other did not inherit under his father's will; and three daughters, Amelia, Sarah and Leah. Sarah became the wife of Dr. James Rench. Leah married, 1st, John Parker, 2nd, James Dwiggens, 3d, Samuel Paisley. Molton succeeded to the greater part of the estate, but died two years after his father (in 1777), leaving one son, Zadoc. Esther, the widow of Molton Crapper, married Daniel Rogers, sometime Governor of Delaware, who thus became possessed of the mansion and farm of six hundred acres. His remains were interred in a private burying-ground on his own land a little distance west of the railroad station, and close to the Three-Runs State road which leads across the Crapper–Rogers farm over Spring Creek and Marshall's mill pond, to Lewes. There was no reason then, why the road should run through Milford and by Marshall's Mill, as neither the village nor dam had been built, but when the drawbridge was finished the place began to grow and the mill-dam across Spring Creek was made; then the road from Dover to Lewes came through the town and over the dam; the State road that formerly ran past the site of the town was vacated through all the farms from Milford to Spring Creek, but that part of it nearest the Three Run cemetery is still open.

Louder Layton, esquire, succeeded Daniel Rogers as owner of the mansion and farm, and he and his wife were living there about fifty years ago, very aged and gentle, and generally beloved. On the death of Mr.

Layton the mansion and farm was bought by Peter F. Causey ; at that time the house was a two-story structure, but the new owner at once proceeded to remodel and modernize the buildings as they are now, and soon thereafter removed to his newly-furnished abode. The handsome lawn on the front was then a treeless common ; there was no railroad, nor was the dam by the side of the railroad embankment yet built.

From Milford the road went up the common, passing between the west end of the dwelling and the two brick slave quarters—still standing—out across the farm, southerly to "Plummer's" on the forest road ; a fence ran from the southwest end of the old tumbling-dam down the south side of the river, to Milford bridge ; and there was not a house on the farm, near Milford, except the mansion. The old spring-house at the edge of the river was a popular place of resort for lads and lasses in town, and, if one is curious to know what numbers frequented the spring to quaff its excellent water and enjoy the breeze and shade, let him, in passing the spring-house, look towards the mansion and notice the wide, deeply-worn path which was then shaded on each side by large red cedar trees now passing away from the effect of great age and fierce winds.

At the southeast corner of Walnut and Second streets (South) is an ancient shingle-boarded two-story dwelling supposed to have been the home of Walker Sipple, as his widow, who afterwards married John R. Draper, lived there long after the latter's death.

Under a large weeping willow about where Tatman's clothing store is, used to stand for a time that no man

can tell, two one-story red houses in which Louder Layton once kept store ; then followed B. Watson & Son. Later C. S. Watson & Co. carried on a heavy business in the same place. In those days almost every merchant sold liquor, and any good customer who wanted a drink had only to hand his glass over the counter to get whatever he wanted gratis. One of the old storehouses may be seen to-day from Milford bridge ; it is the first house on the south side of the river in the rear of Reis & Hirsh's cannery, now painted over with soap advertisements.

The brick residence of Mrs. Hester O. Draper, on the north side of South Front street, was erected by Henry Hudson a good while ago, and in it William E. Jester kept store ; later John A. Hazzard lived there.

The red house at the southwest corner of Front and Washington streets was built by John Hudson three or four generations ago, and is still owned by the family.

If we go back as far as 1833 there were but two or three houses east of Mrs. Thomas Carlisle's residence ; a fence ran from the river close to her house and thence down Carlisle Lane towards the mansion house of Rev. T. P. McColley ; from the upper end of the Lane a fence extended to South Second street and thence down to "the point" on Carlisle Lane. All lands east were in tillage or cedar fields. The first house built on the field side of the street (now about the centre of South Milford), was erected by James N. Wooters, who is still living and active.

The residence of Dr. John S. Prettyman is on the site of a very old one-story house, occupied by Justus Lowery, who demolished it and erected the pres-

ent building, which he sold to the Doctor, who has since greatly improved it. To the west of the above-named house, used to stand a small carpenter shop, owned by one Isaac Hudson. It subsequently came into possession of Captain Henry W. Laws, who built the residence now owned and occupied by S. N. Gray.

About sixty years ago there stood nearly opposite the residence of P. F. Causey, a house too small for a dwelling, which had an interesting history. At that time there was no other building on the square except Martin De Waele's brick storehouse and a frame dwelling, which was later removed to another street. The little house had at times been occupied as an office for justices of the peace, and as a shoe shop. It was about 14 feet long by 8 wide, and 10 feet high. When the march of improvement required its site for other purposes it was demolished, and under the roof, scarcely a foot above the ceiling, was brought to light an ancient swinging sign board about 5 feet long and 18 inches wide, at one end of which was painted a man leading a horse to a trough, and at the other end a rude portrait of George III. There was certain lettering, which time and weather had rendered illegible. No doubt the old sign had swung to the breeze in front of the diminutive structure when England ruled the colonies; being on the road to Oliver's Landing and only a hundred yards away, it was evidently the place where man and beast halted for refreshment, and the invitation may have read like this:

Rest Thou Here Thy Silent Steed
Yea, And Verily Thy Weary Limbs
Appease Thou Here Thy Inner Man:
So Thou May'st Have The Strength
To Pedal Thee On Thy Way.

Early in the century an oil-cloth factory stood on the east side of North street, near the upper end of the town. Of the manufacturer nothing is known. The building, purchased by James P. Burley and removed to his farm on the New Wharf road where Samuel Paisley lived, is still standing.

The Haven Mills were built in 1778 by Daniel Rogers, and consisted of a grist-mill, carding-machine and saw-mill. At a later date they were owned by Joseph Dutton. His daughter, Elizabeth, married James H. McColley, who sold the concern to Peter F. Causey. In the decade of 1850 the grist-mill was destroyed by fire, and a woolen factory built on the site for Hoffecker Bros., of Smyrna; this was also burned, since which time the site has been vacant. The saw-mill was used by Mr. Causey till the advent of steam mills in Milford, when it went down and is now changed into an ice manufacturing plant. A factory for the making of husk mattresses was built about 1848 near the northern end of the dam, and operated by different parties until finally closed. Geo. S. Grier at first conducted the foundry and machine business in Benjamin Potter's old store-house in town. After its destruction by fire he put up an extensive foundry and machine shop at Haven Mills, where he was rewarded with a substantial fortune. His life has been an active one and he is still busy.

On South Walnut street, where the Hotel Windsor now stands, was, as far back as 1833, an old two-story brick granary belonging to Louder Layton; the doors and windows were gone, and the floods from up the street flowed over the lower floor into the river. How

old it was nobody knew. W. N. W. Dorsey bought the ground and erected upon it the Hotel Windsor. The next building was once the second light-house which stood at the mouth of the Mispillion, and cost the government $12,000. It was discontinued by the government during the rebellion, for the sake of economy, and afterwards condemned and sold to Dorsey, who rebuilt it into two stores, now the property of Dr. Wm. Marshall.

On the corner there stood for many years a blacksmith shop, purchased finally by James H. Deputy, who built on the ground the present brick store. The adjoining house was the cabinet-makers' shop of James Ward, grandfather of our town bailiff. The unpainted dwelling, South Front St., near Washington, was owned by John Campbell, and for many years occupied by his brother-in-law, Nutter Lofland, at a ground rent of $20 per annum. Thomas Davis received a deed for the property in consideration of the payment of arrears of this tax.

Mrs. Elizabeth Carlisle's house was built by a ship-carpenter named West. Notwithstanding its age, the weather-boarding of cypress shingles, shows little of the effects of time.

From New Castle to Lewes

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

RIDING down to Lewes
On the King's highway,
Skirting creeks and rivulets,
Winding to the Bay;
Through the somber forest shades—
Thickets wild with bloom,
Where the sweet magnolia
Revels in perfume,
While the thrush and mocking-bird
Carol all the day—
Riding down to Lewes
On the King's highway.

What a motley company!
See them riding here;
Sober-visaged Puritan,
Haughty cavalier,
Swede and Fin of sunny hair
Patient plodding Dutch,—
What a goodly company;
Saw you ever such?
Some bedecked in colors bright
Some in sober gray—
Riding down to Lewes
On the King's highway.

Photo. by Daugherty

A BIT OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY

(From Presbyterian Branch)

p. 50

Not a settlement they see,
Not a human face,
Save the dusky native sons
Of an ancient race,—
O'er the winding Motherkill
Southward passing on
To the limped waters of
The "Musquelion."
Was there ever cavalcade
Dres't in such array?
Riding down to Lewes
On the King's highway?

See them plunging in the stream,
Where it stretches wide;
Where the lilies rise and fall,
Lifting to the tide.
Listening to the bugle note
Of the whip-poor-will,
Calling to his drowsy mate
Just across the hill.
O'er a dreary stretch of sand,
Over banks of clay,—
Riding down to Lewes
On the King's highway.

Centuries have intervened
Since we saw them pass;
Onward through the deepening shade
They have gone, alas!
Puritan and Cavalier,
Sturdy Dutch and Swede,

Lost within the gloom of years—
How the moments speed !
Soon we'll rise and follow them ;
Where the shadows lay,
Riding through the gloaming
On the King's highway.

—G. B. H.

The history of a people gathers around their highways. They arise as necessities, and over them flows the tide of human travel. They are the veins and arteries of the commonwealth, and along them pulses the life and activity of the people. Ascertain where these lines of travel were placed, their changes and additions, and a tale of settlement and development is already told.

Some roads are built because of the necessity of communication between towns and villages, between farms and mills. Others precede these settlements and have for their object the encouragement of immigration and the developement of a country. At times a pathway, resulting almost from accident develops into a street, along which houses and other buildings are constructed, and in time this may become a splendid avenue in a metropolis.

Some one with fertile fancy has traced the laying-out of Broadway, N. Y. City, to the straying of a calf from its mother. She followed along its track, and the fishermen and farmers used the broken path thus made until it became the line of travel.

But the King's highway from Lewes to New Castle

had a different origin, and looking back over the intervening years we may see the reasons for its construction and why it was located just as it was. The two first settlements along the eastern part of the Peninsula were at Hoorn Kill (Lewes) and New Amstel (New Castle). Between these two points was an unbroken wilderness, covered with dense forests and an undergrowth of tangled briars and bushes. Through these thickets the foot of the white man had never passed. Among the denser growths, wild animals prowled; the wolves especially being a menace to the unwary traveler who skirted the unknown regions. The Indians, too, roamed through the forests, and had their camps in the clearer spaces. The woods abounded in game and the rivers and creeks were plentifully supplied with fish; and thus their simple wants were easily supplied. But their favorite gathering places were along the shores of the bay and ocean, near the mouths of the various tributaries. This is evidenced by the piles of clam and oyster shells at various points along the coast. The Indians of the Peninsula were a mild people, without the warlike, aggressive nature of some of the mountain tribes towards the west.

It was not long after these two points had been settled that communication between them became necessary. This at first was accomplished by a messenger with his attendants pushing through the wilderness, skirting the banks of streams and fording others and reaching his destination only after innumerable vicissitudes.

Some time prior to the year 1700, a highway connecting these two points was laid out. It was

probably done under the direction of William Penn and at his instance, and is about contemporaneous with the laying out of Philadelphia. Looking back over the intervening space and remembering the condition of the country at that time, we are able to see how the road came to be located as it was. It did not pass farther to the north, nor again bend to the east for the obvious reason that the intention was to connect the two points by the most direct route; hence it became necessary to skirt as nearly as possible, the shores of the bay. But all along that body were tributaries, many of which were too deep to ford, and, besides this, on either side were wide stretches of marsh, difficult to cross. The result was that the road was laid out skirting the head waters of these streams, and bending to the west only when it became necessary to avoid some impassable body of water or marsh land.

Just when this highway was laid out is lost in obscurity, but certainly it dates back beyond 1700, and therefore it was the line of traffic down the Peninsula at least two hundred years ago. Probably at first it was only a bridle-path that in time was straightened and graded for the rude vehicles of the period.

The present state road follows it in part, but the location has been changed from time to time to connect with towns and villages that have since sprung up; and, besides, the building of bridges has made it advisable to cut off certain loops that were originally made to avoid deep streams and stretches of marsh.

Beginning with Marshall's Mill we find that the highway crossed some distance up the creek beyond

the present dam. Then, of course, there was no pond there and the stream was easily fordable. From this point it took almost a straight course to the south bank of what is now the pond by the Milford railroad station. In later years—from seventy-five to a hundred years after—the first house was built on this section of road; the mansion of Levin Crapper. The highway ran some distance to the south of this and of the present station. The house fronted on the road, and to the rear was meadow-land running down to the marsh. When in years later, the bridge was built, bringing the road across the river, the highway along the south was abandoned, and what was formerly the rear of the dwelling became its front. After reaching a point at the south side of the present mill-pond (then a cripple through which the narrow stream ran) the highway followed the line of the present road along the "Three-runs," and upon its borders in later years the old Presbyterian meeting-house was built. When it reached a point of what is now the dam at the Haven Mills it crossed at some distance to the west of this embankment. The creek here, too, was then undammed, and easily forded. This point at the head of the stream was selected to avoid the deeper waters below.

In the basin of the pond are stumps and logs which in those days were flourishing trees. When the water is low, these may be seen, as may also the site of the former highway. Thence to the north the highway crossed the farm on which Sydenham Thorne erected the first house in that neighborhood; then across Tanner's branch, where its location may yet be seen, passing through the Gardner farm, now the property of

Mrs. Roudebush. On the farm of J. J. Rosa one may notice the old Quaker burying-ground, located there in colonial days on the side of the road opposite to the meeting-house. It will be seen that the churches and burial-places were laid out along the first line of travel.

The old road continued to the north, passing over the spot on which Mr. Rosa's house now stands, and to the east of the residence on the Snell farm; thence onward through the woods over the site of the race track. It followed this general direction, crossing to the west of the Tub-Mill pond, then only a branch, and coming out to the road across the lands of the Potter estate.

It followed the same course as the state road to a point at the corner of the Bye farm, whence it passed across the farm of the late Robert Stevenson, and the lands of Paris T. Carlisle to the Murderkill, There a drawbridge was erected. This became necessary because to pass around the head waters of the stream would bring the road too far west, since the stream was so deep that vessels in later years, loaded and discharged cargoes regularly at Fork Landing and McColley's Mill; Frederica had not been built. At this point on the Murderkill the shores were of comparatively high land, and as a bridge was necessary, here it was built.

The section of the river at this point is now cut off by a canal, but some of the old timbers of the bridge yet remain. A few hundred yards south of the stream, on the line of the old road, stood a tavern, the remains of which are yet apparent. On this site, a number of years since, the writer found a colonial coin, doubtless spent by some pre-revolutionary reveller for whiskey.

Crossing the river, the road leads through the land now owned by Wm. E. Davis and on to the north. Probably after it had been a public highway for more than a hundred years, the Methodists built a chapel on the ground given by one Barratt. This was at the west of the highway, and the old burial-ground was on the same side. When in later years the causeways on either side of Frederica were built, the road was changed, and turned to the west, where it is to-day. What is now the front of the chapel was formerly the rear.

This is a sketch of the old King's highway; how suggestive of our early beginnings! The traveler riding down to the south beheld an unbroken wilderness of tree, blossom and thorn, where the birds flitted among the trees, and rabbits and squirrels scampered across the road-way, all unconscious of the terrors of gunpowder. And he who would trace the history of our settlement and development may cast his eyes backwards over a space of two hundred years and see his ancestors, English and Dutch and Swede and Fin, riding down the King's highway.

The Mispillion River

ACCORDING to the most authentic information we have of the discovery of the Delaware Bay, the river Delaware and Mispillion creek, and the settlement on the south shores of the first two named, Henry Hudson, an English navigator, entered the capes, August 28, 1609, and one year later Lord De-la-Ware (lord-of-the-war) also an Englishman, sailing up, discovered the bay and river; from him the name "Delaware" being derived. Hudson, it seems, had been deterred from proceeding up the bay by the sand bars and shallow waters. The name "Mispillion," as applied to the creek and hundred, is lost in obscurity. It is true, that locally, the creek was originally called the "Big Muskmillin," and a small stream, about four hundred yards south of it, was called "Little Muskmillin;" but no doubt this was a provincialism—a corruption of the word Mispillion—for the name is as old as the history of this section, and no person living knows its origin. In former days it was written and pronounced in various ways; but since the Revolution it has been spelled as at present. There is a letter extant from Col. Hazlett, of Revolutionary fame, in which he wrote to General Washington that there was an opportunity for recruiting soldiers in "Mispillion Bottom." Col. Hazlett went to the war of the Revolution from his farm about a mile north of this town.

During the session of the Legislature for the year 1891 there were several bills introduced changing the names of the creeks to *rivers*. The idea was to make a better showing before the River and Harbor Committee of Congress in order to secure appropriations. Thus the name Mispillion creek was officially changed to "Mispillion river," and by this name it will henceforward be designated.

Efforts were made by the Dutch to settle the shores of the Delaware bay and river until 1623, when a vessel load of emigrants from Holland came over under the charge of Cornelius May. He settled at a point near Gloucester, N. J., and was the first European to sail up the Delaware river and to make a settlement on its shores. The Dutch came before the Swedes, but the Indians utterly exterminated them in lower Delaware. Then the Swedes and Fins got a footing and remained.

Cornelius May's company scattered; some went to Manhattan Island (New York), others settled along the water, and, being on friendly terms with the Indians, were not molested. Cape May, N. J., takes its name from this man, the father of Captain Henry May and his brother Thomas, both among the earliest residents of this town. At the beginning of the century Capt. May married a daughter of George Black, at that time the owner of all the land from Milford to Marshall's Mill.

As to who first discovered the Mispillion Creek, Ferris History of the original settlements on the Delaware, says. "Acrelius states that the 'Key Colmar' and the 'Griffin,' having on board the first Swedish

Colony that settled on the Delaware, sailed from Gottenburg, on the west coast of Sweden, and reasons have been given for the opinion that it arrived at the Christiana (New Castle County) in 1639."

"Having passed the capes and sailed up the bay, they came to a point of land jutting into the broad expanse of its waters [this is now 'Clark's Point'], on which they landed for observation and refreshments. By Lindstorm's Map of the Delaware and adjacent country, preserved and published by Campanius, it appears that this point was the same which is now (261 years later) called 'Mispillion Point.' It was probably in the season when the bursting foliage of our trees and shrubs and the opening wild flowers of our meadows and woodlands filled the air with perfume; and the feathered community enlivened it with their music. After a long and tedious imprisonment in the narrow confines of a ship, they must have been delighted to land on this beautiful shore, and enjoy for the moment the freshness and fragrance of the opening year. That it was so, we have evidence in the fact that they named it 'Paradise Point.' "

It must be borne in mind that the mouth of the Mispillion and environs have greatly changed since 261 years ago, when the ocean tossed voyagers passed the entrance of our creek to cast anchor and recreate at Paradise Point, only a mile and a half above what is now known on the maps of the U. S. Coast Survey as "Clark's Point" (named, possibly, in compliment to Thomas Clark, who kept the Thorne Point House in 1836, about the time the survey was made, when there was no other tavern between Bowers' and Lewes).

A GLIMPSE OF SILVER LAKE

Photos. by Daugherty OLD DAM ON THREE RUNS p. 61

We are informed by credible authority that the mouth of Mispillion creek once entered the bay fully 200 yards further out than it does at present. The beach was close to a bar, formed by the waters of a deep and crooked stream called "Strunkill", which flowed through the island and into the bay, just above the light-house, carrying the sands and forming shoals; just as Cedar creek bar was made by the creek running over the beach. The bars remain, but the streams are filled and grown up till no trace of them exists where, within the knowledge of men now living, vessels used to sail.

The Mispillion is a bold, wide stream for most of its length, which is about twenty miles from the light-house to Milford; its very crooks are an advantage, as they enable it to touch the front of most of the farms all the way up. There were for many years a half-dozen troublesome shoals, but, through government appropriations and money contributed by our public spirited merchants these have all been dredged to ample depth, so that neither steam nor sail vessels are delayed anywhere till they reach the bay.

All the mill ponds were then swamps, and the causeway and its surroundings, must have looked much like the Frederica causeway does to-day. The first mill dam was built by Sydenham Thorne in 1787; it is known to-day as the old dam. The second was at the Haven Mills, built by Daniel Rogers, in 1788. The third at "Riggs' Little Mill." The fourth at "Riggs' Big Mill." The fifth at Nathaniel H. Johnson's mill. The sixth dam was built by Peter F.

Causey, from the south end of Lake street to near the railroad station.

The first bridge was probably at the Three-Runs causeway; the next was the draw-bridge at Milford; the third, the waste gates in the old dam; then the waste gates in Causey's dam, the bridge on Railroad avenue, and the iron bridge at the west end of South Front street.

The bottom of Mispillion creek is black mud, which may account for the excellence of the shad caught in it. There are seven or eight fisheries on the creek, and large quantities are caught in gill-seines. Since the U. S. Fish Commission began stocking our streams with shad roe, the shad are much larger than formerly, as well as more plentiful.

The salt water part of the creek used to be thickly populated with diamond back terrapin; dozens were caught whenever a seine was hauled for other fish, and so little were they thought of as food that many fishermen fifty years ago threw them back into the stream. The diamond back is getting scarcer every year, and if measures are not taken for their protection against the menhaden fishermen, it is feared this species will be utterly exhausted.

Farming in Delaware, Ancient and Modern

THE pioneers of this region came of a hardy race, and generally, of Anglo-Saxon origin. The The immediate successors of the Indians were the Swedes and Fins, and later the Dutch.

After the advent of William Penn, emigration from the mother country was encouraged; and that the greater proportion of the inhabitants were of English extraction is attested by the fact that that the first religious bodies were those peculiar to the English people. Besides, the names of those pioneers transmitted to the present generation, are those of the mother country.

The Dutch settlers at Lewes have not left behind a savory reputation, and if the traditions are correct, we need not much regret the extermination of that band of freebooters. But it is certain that the settlers of English blood were a thrifty, god-fearing people, who came, not for conquest, nor for gold, but to take up land, lay out farms and establish orderly communities. They were farmers and not ordinary adventurers. As their towns sprang into existence, one by one they left the farms to man the craft plying up and down the creeks and bay, to engage in mercantile pursuits or to enter the professions. But the finest tribute we may bestow, is that most of them were farmers and that all descended from the farm.

First, a few adventurous men pushed through the wilderness and discovered the country's possibilities. Soon bridle-paths, avoiding the thickets, the deep streams and marshes, began to be made, and finally the king's highway was laid out from New Castle to Lewes. Along this road the pioneers came on horseback, the whole of their worldly possessions in their saddle-bags. There were no lumbering vehicles then; the young bride rode beside her husband, or perhaps both rode one animal, walking at times to relieve the beast. Others came afoot, making their camps at night in the woods, and building great fires to frighten away the wolves. When they reached some friendly spot on the rivers where they might look out to the sea and dream of the far-away mother country, they proceeded to bargain with the Indians, tether their horses, and carve a home out of the wilderness.

The first lands taken up were on the navigable waters, and at times families would join and settle on adjacent territory, but as a rule the neighbors were few, and the visit of a white man of rare occurrence. The newcomers cleared a space of trees, from which they fashioned their log-houses of a single story. In time their tiny barns were made in the same fashion, and with a little clearing for corn and a few vegetables, the home was complete.

The settlers were evidently on friendly terms with the Indians, since, after the massacre at Lewes, there are no records or traditions of further difficulties. Doubtless they were actuated by the peaceful ideas of William Penn, who set the example of securing lands by treaty and purchase, and not by conquest. Cer-

tainly their relations with the natives must have been amicable, as the massacres of Pennsylvania, and the wars of New England and Virginia were not repeated. This is to the credit of our ancestors and of the Indians.

It was not many years till rumbling ox-wagons began to come down the highway and over from the eastern shore. These brought worldly goods in greater quantities, and the women and children were sometimes crowded in with the rude utensils of the period. The men, perhaps, drove a few cattle and sheep, and with these they made an auspicious beginning. They came supplied with the seeds of those crops they expected to cultivate, and brought with them all their possessions, since they did not expect to return.

Horses, cattle and hogs were turned out to commons, and the marsh lands were especially prized for pasturage ; oxen were used for tilling the farms, and hogs furnished the principal meat. The streams abounded in fish, the forests were full of game, and oysters and clams were plentifulalong the bay ; corn was cultivated largely, and soon began to be exported, but wheat was a scarcer article, and only grown in small patches. Flax was raised at an early date, and our ancestors became adept in spinning and weaving it into various useful garments. Their greatest pride was in the beautiful patterns and fine texture of their work. Many a spread or table-cloth of that period could not now be duplicated by our great factories. From their sheep they sheared wool for their winter garments, and, this mixed with flax, produced the celebrated linsey-wolsey, a cloth which our ancestors wore extensively.

The hogs, which ran at large, were branded in order that each owner might know his own. At times disputes as to certain brands waxed warm, and furnished occasion for some of the earliest law-suits. There were no schools at first, and of course, no preaching; the parents occasionally imparted instruction, but many people grew up in ignorance. The educational standard was low, and the necessity for instruction had not become apparent.

The pioneers had to battle with adverse conditions such as we can scarcely imagine, for everything of difficult workmanship must be brought across the water. All kinds of cutlery were supplied from England, but the prices were so high in proportion to their means, that only the absolutely necessary articles were purchased. Think of building houses and barns and fences with wooden pins! And yet this is what they were at first compelled to do, since nails had either to be imported, or made by hand. Even when rude saw-mills were set up along the streams, the saws had to be imported.

Plowing must have been a laborious performance with the implements then in use. They were of home manufacture, and mostly of wood. Some local blacksmith tipped the points and shears with iron; and then with a lumbering yoke of oxen the farmer rooted among the stumps and briars. The harrows, too, were the work of the local carpenters and blacksmiths.

There was little money used during the colonial period, and local transactions were accomplished largely by an exchange of articles. And while they sent their grain and furs to the city markets and were

paid in coin of the realm or its equivalent, the most of this money never came to the peninsula, but was exchanged for return cargoes.

At the time of the Revolution a decided advance had been made. There were saw-mills and grist-mills. To secure power for these, the streams were dammed, and the old-fashioned wheels employed which used, or wasted, an immense quantity of water. Frame houses began to be built, and several mansions of brick were constructed. The latter material, in some cases, may have been brought from England or Holland, used as ballast for the return voyages of our freighters. Still, judged from the present standpoint, the life was primitive.

The public travel was by stage-coach, which also carried the mails, but on account of the expense for postage, these were limited. Between the farms were great areas of woodland, and the roads often ran through long stretches of commons. There were but few villages of any importance in the state, and the occasional wayside tavern furnished the only accommodation for man and beast. The typical mode of conveyance was the ox-cart, and this vehicle, if such it may be called, yet lingers in parts of Sussex county; but in early days it was the only means of conveyance, save by horse-back. The carts lumbered over the rude roads, crossing streams, and plowing through sloughs of sand to mill, where they waited for their meagre grist; to the landings with their loads of corn; and at times to church.

The plutocrats of those days owned slaves who occupied quarters especially provided for them. But

fortunately for the State, slaveholding was not general, and so the people learned to depend upon their own efforts; there was no idle population.

The conditions of farming did not materially change until about fifty years ago. While the farms were larger and the houses better, the same crops were raised as before, and tilled in the same rude manner. Changes began to take place in methods of conveyance; the local blacksmiths and wheelwrights having learned skill in building riding vehicles. The ox-carts gave place to wagons, and now the farmers might be seen in trim rigs riding to town or to church. Plows began to be cast in the foundries, and proved a blessing to those who were compelled to use them.

About this time the peach tree was introduced. At first peaches were what we term "natural" fruit, but a few growers began to send their product to Philadelphia. The method of shipping was crude, the fruit being stored in the holds of vessels, and most of it spoiled ere it reached its destination. But there were still no riding-cultivators, no corn-planters, reapers nor horse-rakes. To mow a field with a scythe and to rake it by hand, was a task involving hard labor, and the only recompense was that the acreage was usually small and the grass or grain light. Then how to revive worn-out lands was a problem; hedge-rows were skimmed, ponds scraped for decomposed matter, and fish were hauled from the bay for fertilizing purposes. But some of the more enterprising began to bring in guano and lime to spread over the impoverished soil, and when clover was introduced, a new term of productiveness was given to many acres of discarded land.

Raising fruit and vegetables for the city markets was yet unpracticed. Fruit was confined almost exclusively to a few seedling peach trees, cherry trees, and small apple orchards, for the apple paid commercially when manufactured into brandy. There were no strawberries but the wild ones which grew by the roadside or on the commons. Tomatoes ("love apples") were garden ornaments, and grew along side of hollyhocks, love-entangle and thyme. Corn and wheat were the staple articles, and garden truck received little attention, as it was considered rather a luxury than a substantial food.

The farmers were spartan in their frugality. Wheat bread was to be indulged in only on state occasions, corn being the basis of their food. For meats, they raised hogs, and pickled trout (weak fish) which were caught in the bay. Oysters and clams were taken in large quantities during the leisure seasons of the fall and winter. All clothing was made at home, but people were often scantily dressed. Many never put on overcoats, and scorned to wear under-clothing, even in the coldest weather.

The educational advantages were not many, and the children could attend school only at those seasons when it was not possible to work. The teacher was usually chosen for his powers as a disciplinarian. His education might be limited, but his ability to use the rod must be unquestioned. All the children worked, often at tasks beyond their years, and a man with a large family was envied as having so much invested capital that would pay handsomely. People married

young, and began to carve out their fortunes without anything, save health and energy as a start.

Now at the close of the century we can look back and admire their self-denial and enthusiasm, but we cannot envy them. With our rich farms, diversified crops and ingenious implements; with comfortable and even luxurious farm houses; with pianos in the parlor, and self-binders in the fields, and the children in attendance at good schools, we are thankful for life in the present.

Yet the conditions are not yet all we desire, and the farmer meets with his disappointments, pays his rent and taxes if he can, and is gathered to his fathers without having led a life of hilarity. His tribulations are considered in the following lines:

ODE TO THE JOLLY FARMER

The winter it came on so severe
That he laid in wood for to last a year;
But he ran clear out ere the new year come,
So he stood in the snow while he cut up some.
His old hoss died and his cow went dry,
And his pumpkins froze that he'd saved for pie;
The poultry died—and he had a lot—
He saved a few, which the darkies got.
His old pump froze till it wan't no use,
It split wide open when he broke it loose.
It got so cold that the peach buds died,
The frost killed all and the trees beside;
He didn't rave and he didn't curse
"'Cause you see," he said, "it might be worse."

When spring came on, why he wasn't cross,
He borrowed a plow and he borrowed a hoss;
He planted some peas that never would sprout,
So he hitched up his hoss and he plowed 'em out.
Then he planted corn, but it tried to rot,
And what came up why the crows they got.
He planted his taters like other men,
And the bugs, you bet, had a pic-nic then,
And worms, and bugs, and flies, oh my!
They wriggled and swarmed as he went by.
His watermelons when they came on,
They all went the way his hens had gone,
Still he had good health, and he had the soil,
And he thanked the Lord for a chance to toil.

His wheat took fly and then took smut,
But he got some straw when the stuff was cut.
He didn't swear and he didn't frown
When his friends from the city they all came down;
He took them in and he seemed content
When the landlord took all the rest for rent.
And how did he live? Why he didn't, you see,—
Like the moss and stuff that clings to a tree—
The oak may thrive till its days are done,
But the moss doesn't live, it just hangs on!
Then here's to the farmer so happy and free,
That city folks envy and visit, you see:
Yes, here's to the farmer, our patriot king;
Who toils and who sweats for the fun of the thing.

—G. B. H.

An Ancient Burial Ground

ON the elevated shore of the Mispillion, at a point where the stream widens into a picturesque lake, dotted with green islets and bordered by sloping wooded shores, is a large and beautifully located plantation. It had formerly belonged to George Cullen, and after his death was purchased of his executor, in 1785, for £825, by the Rev. Sydenham Thorne, a clergyman of the Church of England, who ten years earlier had come from the Eastern Shore of Virginia (as was supposed), and settled near the "Savannah," as the rector of Christ Church, Mispillion. It was he who built the house with duplicate wings, as we now see it; in front reserving space for a park, which is now delightfully shaded with oak and maple trees.

The whole situation bears a striking resemblance to the famous "Shirley" plantation at Aikins' landing, below Richmond, on the James River, except that the bold height and expanse of Shirley is lacking. Whatever Parson Thorne did seems to have been with a kind of poetic regard for old English ideas.

On the west side of the mansion is a lot sixty or seventy feet square, inclosed by a rough stone wall, which now sadly shows the effects of age. It was the burial place for more than half a century of those who had owned the farm.

About 1787 Mr. Thorne was instrumental in build-

Photo. by Daugherty

AN ANCIENT BURIAL GROUND

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ing the Episcopal Church here, on a lot given for the purpose by Joseph Oliver, who owned all the land on what is now the town of North Milford.

It was related by an aged gentlewoman who died in Milford about twenty-five years ago, and who knew the parson, that Thorne was a man of distinguished appearance, gentle manners and much influence for good in the community; all that can be learned of him serves to confirm this favorable testimony. His remains are resting in the little private burying-ground fifty yards north of the house, beneath a plain marble tablet on which is inscribed the following epitaph, done in the ornate style of the period :

Sacred to the memory of

THE REV. SYDENHAM THORNE.

By the elegance and affability of his manners,
By the diffusive benevolence of his heart,
and especially
By the zeal and ability he displayed as
a Preacher of the Gospel,
He endeared himself to his Parishioners,
To his friends and to all who came within the
sphere of his acquaintance.

He was born on the 28th day of October,
in the year of 1747,
and departed this life on the
13th day of February, 1794,
aged 45 years.

The brick work supporting the stone over the grave is fast falling to decay, and rank vegetation obscures the sepulchre, but here he sleeps in peace amid the scenes he loved so well; the wilderness growing over his grave and the mocking birds carolling their wild melody.

The remains of Joseph Oliver, the pioneer of Milford, and friend of Thorne, were first interred in his own family burial-ground, but afterwards removed to a grave touching the west wall of Christ Church.

The tombstone bears this inscription :

In memory of
JOSEPH OLIVER
who departed this life February 28th
at twenty minutes to seven in the morning
In the year of our Lord 1807
Aged about 80 years.

The Thorne property was inherited by his nephew, Peter Caverly, and under the epitaph of the parson, is this inscription to a child, supposed to be a son of Caverly :

"Also SYDENHAM THORNE
who was born on the 3rd of December, 1796
and died on the — of April, 1797
Aged 3 mos. and 11 days."

On the north side of the minister's vault is a plain tombstone to a young man who was evidently a member of his family. It reads :

"In memory of
THOMAS PARKER
son of Thomas and Elizabeth,
of Accomac county, Eastern Shore, Virginia
who was born December 19th, 1797,
and died Oct. 2nd, 1813."

As the lad was the son of eastern shore Virginians, it would seem that this is the part of Virginia from which Mr. Thorne came.

The only other monument in the inclosure is not

the least as relates to distinguished persons. It is to the memory of James Clayton, the father of the distinguished statesman, John M. Clayton, of Delaware; his wife, Sarah Clayton, and her mother, Elizabeth Middleton. Also his daughter, Elizabeth Clayton, who was celebrated in this community for her beauty and accomplishments.

The monument is a plain white marble shaft, inscribed on the four sides. On the south front is:

This monument was erected by
JOHN M. CLAYTON
to the memory of his father,
JAMES CLAYTON
and the members of his family
whose remains are buried within the
walls which surround it.
James Clayton was born in Kent County, Delaware,
March 24th, 1761
and died in his mansion house on this farm
November 24th, 1820,
Aged 59 years, 8 months.
He was the son of James
who was the son of John
who was the son of Joshua Clayton,
one of the first settlers of this country
to which he emigrated from England with
William Penn at the time of his first visit to America.

On the east side is a tribute to his sterling worth and character.

The north side is inscribed:

The remains of
SARAH CLAYTON
the wife of James Clayton are here buried by his side.
she was born March 18th, 1774,
near Annapolis, Maryland,
and died at the home of her son,
John M. Clayton, in Dover, Delaware,
on the 23rd of June, 1829

Aged 55 years, 3 mos, and 15 days
As a wife, a mother and a sincere Christian
she was without reproach.

And on the west front is this :

Near this monument are buried the mortal remains of
ELIZABETH MIDDLETON
the mother of Sarah the wife of James Clayton,
She was born December 30th. 1745,
and died August 18th, 1811,
in the 66th year of her age-

Then follows this :

Near her remains are buried those of
ELIZABETH CLAYTON
the daughter of James and Sarah Clayton.
who was born September 12th, 1801
and died March 5th, 1822
in the 21st year of her age.

After Mr. Clayton's death Col. Benjamin Potter bought the mansion farm and removed thereto.

A few paces from the inclosure is the burial-ground of the Potter family. There are five tablets on brick foundations. The first is inscribed :

"In memory of
COL. BENJAMIN POTTER
who departed this life
October 1st. 1843
Aged about 74 years
Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted,
Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy,
Blessed are ye when men shall revile and persecute you
And say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake,
Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward
In Heaven, for so persecuted they the Prophets
which were before you
Adieu."

The next tomb is that of his wife, having this epitaph :

ELIZABETH POTTER
who died January 18th, 1838,
Aged 76 years
Though dead to the world,
She will live in the hearts of all who knew her.

Col. Potter's daughter, said to have been a very handsome woman, rests next to her mother.

Sacred to the memory of
MRS. MARIA HALL WILLIAMS
daughter of Col. Benjamin and Elizabeth Potter
and wife of Reynear Williams, all of Milford, Delaware,
who was born February 7th, 1796
and died May 15th, 1814.

Near his sister are the mortal remains of Edmund S. Potter. His epitaph reads .

In melancholy rememberance of
EDMUND S. POTTER
son of Col. Benjamin and Elizabeth Potter
who was born December 18th, 1792
and died February 3rd, 1832.

The last tomb is that of Dr. Benjamin Potter, Col. Potter's nephew, who married Miss Mary E. Fiddeman, daughter of the late Col. H. B. Fiddeman. This is the inscription :

To my beloved Husband
DOCTOR BENJAMIN POTTER
Born August, 1832
and died May 30, 1858
Aged 25 years, 9 mos. and 14 days
"For now we see through a glass darkly,
but then face to face."
1 Cor., 13 chap., 12 verse.

Business and Business Men of Our Town in the Past

BUSINESS, as at present conducted, is a great improvement on the methods of the past; then, the credit system was the rule, now credit is given charily and for a specified time, while formerly it was unlimited. The consequence was that many debtors pleaded the Act of Limitation; suing was common, and often the merchant lost the debt and interest, and had to pay the costs. Then, the merchant went to the city to "lay in stock" three or four times a year, an event talked over for weeks beforehand. He sometimes traveled by the mail-stage, and at others by sail vessels, and were often absent for weeks.

The circulating medium was agricultural products; black oak, quercitron, iron ore, cord-wood, spokes, staves, eggs, etc. The eggs were packed with oats in flour barrels, and shipped to Philadelphia on sail vessels, which were often delayed on the flats for a week or more, and if the weather was hot the eggs and oats had a warm time. Therefore when the consignee received them a large part was objected to, yet there was generally a profit, as the price paid here was often as low as six and a-quarter to eight cents per dozen. Want of quick transportation kept the price down.

All merchants issued due bills payable in goods. If a merchant was out of an article he gave his customer

a due bill to take to another merchant, who accepted it readily for what was wanted; due bills passed at par, but compared with cash the purchasing value was less; merchants were naturally indisposed to receive even their own due bills for book accounts and other indebtedness, because they needed cash and because the due bills were payable in goods only. No standard of value was thought of; no American silver had been coined. All the silver in circulation came from Mexico or Spain; the coins were of the denomination of 6¼ cents (a fip), 12½ cents (a levy), quarter dollars, half dollars and Spanish milled dollars. In the course of time these coins became so debased from wear, clipping and punching, that some looked like pieces of battered tin, but they passed current nevertheless. It was the last man that had them who suffered most, until finally Congress made them of silver bullion value only; that is, their value was ascertained by weight, and they soon disappeared from circulation.

Gold was regarded as a curiosity, too scare for general use.

From 1780 down to about 1850, a period of, say, seventy years, the town had no bank of issue—only an office of discount and deposit of the Bank of Smyrna; paper offered for discount here, if approved by the resident director, was sent by the mail-stage to the Smyrna Bank, where, if accepted, it was sent back to arrive here on the third day of the transaction; this was perplexingly slow. Bank notes from other states were in circulation; there were too many, for numbers were counterfeit—some on broken banks, and some on no banks at all. Unless a note was known

to be good, reference was made to "Bicknell's Counterfeit Detector," which was issued weekly, and even then many worthless ones were taken.

Speculating in grain was hazardous in those days; advices of the state of European markets were sometimes two weeks old when received in the city, and "Mark Lane's Express," of London, was as eagerly scanned by Philadelphia grain-dealers as the Commercial List, published in that city, was read by the dealers in grain in Milford.

From the foregoing it will be seen under what discouraging conditions our old-time merchants contended, but they went ahead, and many of them made money.

The first man of business affairs here after Sydenham Thorne, seems to have been his nephew and legatee, Peter Caverly, whose operations appear to have extended mostly to land transactions, milling and finance, until his removal to Dover as an office-holder of the Farmers' Bank there.

Then James Clayton, the father of John M. Clayton, removed from Dagsboro, in Sussex county, and purchased the Thorne property of Caverly. Besides conducting the farm he embarked in mercantile business, milling and tanning. He built the three-story grist-mill in town which was destroyed by fire a few years ago. It was constructed of heart pine, which was hauled from his woods near Dagsboro. His operations were too many and too extensive for his pecuniary resources, and he failed.

It is not positively known now whether John Middieton Darby (who was a cousin of John Middleton

Clayton, and hence a nephew of James Clayton) was in his employ or not; however, Darby succeeded Clayton in the red frame store at the southeast corner of Lake and Front streets. His business was extensive, embracing milling, shipbuilding, general merchandise, tanning, and the manufacture of shoes. He seemed to be prosperous; but long credits, unprofitable speculations and too great expansion of his operations, forced him, after a gallant struggle, to succumb; no doubt his business troubles hastened his end. He was a man of cheerful disposition, amiable, honest and possessed of great perseverance.

The Clayton property was next owned by Col. Benjamin Potter, who came here from Drummondtown. He also was a tanner by trade; his vats occupying considerable space on each side of Front street, near the run. He established another yard on a branch of the Tub-Mill pond, known now as "Tanyard branch." His store stood on the south side of the street, where with his son Edmund, he conducted the tanyards, dealing in land, freighting and mercantile affairs in general, and accumulated an ample fortune, notwithstanding his brusque, uncongenial manner. Col. Potter's wealth consisted chiefly of land, the disposition of which in his will, clearly illustrates the eccentric mind of the man. After some valuable bequests to relatives, he left a large acreage of land "to the poor of Kent county, outside of the walls of the Poor House." This is popularly known as the Potter Estate.

Just east of the tanyard stood an old building, which was used as a general store by John R. Potter, the father of Dr. Benjamin Potter, and nephew of Col. Potter, who

also came from Virginia. His career as a merchant was brief. He lies beside his son, Dr. Potter, though no stone marks his grave.

Farther down Front street was the business stand of Dr. Greer, after whose death his widow kept the store for many years. Her life was saddened by the untimely death of an only son. A circus had been exhibiting in the town, and young Greer, trying to imitate the trained riders, fell off his horse and was killed. This accident caused so many petitions to be sent to the next Legislature against circus performances in this state, that an act was passed prohibiting exhibitions of this kind, and not till many years later was the law repealed. Mrs. Greer died at an advanced age, after a successful business life.

On the east side of Mrs. Greer's is the store of Col. William C. Williams (a great-grandson of Reynear Williams, the first), who carried on business there for several years, and retired with a competency. He was the father of the late Reynear Williams and of Robert H. Williams.

Next to the above was the store and residence of Henderson Collins, who continued business there for many years with indifferent success, and died at near ninety years of age.

On the opposite side of Front street, is a very old brick house, supposed to have been first occupied by a merchant named Morgan. But little is remembered of him, except that he was an aged man in 1833.

This building was subsequently used by Daniel Godwin and sons for several years. It was next the printing office of John H. Emerson, from

Denton, Md., who there established and edited the *Milford Beacon*, the first newspaper ever printed in Milford.

On the other corner of Church street, is a brick store built in 1814, it is supposed by John Williams, whose son, Reynear Williams, did a flourishing mercantile business there about the year 1835. Like his brother, Wm. C. Williams, he was a man of affairs, and owned much valuable real estate. He died early in his business career.

The storehouse was next occupied by Daniel C. & Francis Godwin ; they disposed of their stock to Pratt & Bro., and were soon followed by John Williams, a brother of William and Reynear, who went into business there, was successful, and left a handsome estate. Prior to his removal to town, he owned and resided on the farm, which embraced all the lands where the village of Lincoln is situated.

About the beginning of this century a gentleman named John Wallace came to the town. He built the dwelling and store at the west corner of Front and North streets, and engaged in general mercantile pursuits and the sale of drugs. The war of 1812 found him with a heavy stock of miscellaneous merchandise on hand, which rapidly advanced in prices, adding largely to his capital. He was able to hold his lands, which continued to increase in value as long as he lived. Mr. Wallace was a portly man, of medium height, and while he carried a cane of massive proportions with a big ivory knob on the end it, he did not use the stick to assist his walk, but held it horizontally.

Thomas Wallace succeeded his father in residence, store and business. His experience and training were amply rewarded; but, unfortunately, he sold quantities of goods on credit; the consequence was that bad debts and an impaired capital, compelled the closing out his store. Soon after this, a fatal disorder cut him off in the prime of life. He was a noble-hearted gentleman, and had as many friends as any man who ever lived in the town.

After the death of Peter T. Causey, his son engaged in business with Nehemiah Davis, under the firm name of N. Davis & Co. Their store was where the post-office now is; besides dealing in all farm products, they manufactured black oak bark into quercitron for tanning hides and for shipment to London for dyeing purposes. They also worked the iron ore beds, situated between here and Georgetown, and made a good deal of money out of the venture. Five years before this Oliver & Godwin were doing a large trade where Wadhams had been. When their career seemed most prosperous, Mr. Oliver died, and Godwin, forming a co-partnership with Joseph Brown, of Frederica, established a grain commission house on Delaware Avenue, Philadelphia. By the death of Mr. Oliver, the Wadhams store became vacant.

Then Daniel Currey, who had been a clerk for Wadhams, and later a bookkeeper for Oliver & Godwin, went into partnership with Nehemiah Davis, under the name of Currey & Davis; their field of operation included merchandising, speculation in grain, in heavily-timbered lands, vessel building and buying farms and houses. So well equipped were they that

Photo. by Daugherty

WALNUT ST. (SOUTH FROM FRONT)

few mistakes were made, every branch being kept well in hand. When they dissolved partnership their affairs were in a prosperous condition.

Perhaps they would not have discontinued business when they did, but for the circumstance of Col. Henry B. Fiddeman's purchasing the storehouse, dwelling, wharves and granaries in tenure of Currey & Davis. Mr. Fiddeman lived in the house where his daughter, Mrs. Lofland, now resides. Currey opened an office in the same building, and increased his wealth by shrewd speculations in land, guano, grain, etc. Davis also soon retired with a substantial fortune. Their business career was remarkable for the amicable relations between them. Afterwards B. D. Anderson occupied the store for some years.

The Masonic Hall building was erected for a general merchandise store by Daniel C. Godwin and his brother Samuel, both energetic, accomplished business men. Daniel died at his residence near Baltimore, Md., leaving a large estate. Samuel went to Philadelphia, and at the close of the civil war was wealthy. In the second-story the PENINSULAR NEWS AND ADVERTISER was published.

At the close of the rebellion Andrew B. Cooper, who had been a clerk to Major Lofland, while paymaster in the army, bought the place of Godwin & Co., and occupied it as a general store up to the time of his death, twenty years later.

Adjoining the above, Geo. S. and John W. Adkins for a long time kept a dry goods and grocery store; they were trained business men, quiet, but energetic, trustworthy and esteemed. After them, James B. Davis,

who had been chief bookkeeper for John M. Darby, used the store; he was an experienced merchant, and retired with a substantial fortune.

At the south end was the post office, during the official term of Joseph W. George. The room was next used by Lewis Chamberlain as a 'squire's office. Then Samuel J. Jefferson, also a magistrate, had his office there. After him it was occupied by Alexander N. Hall as a jewelry store.

The next building was for many years a carriage factory, until it became the property and store of C. S. Watson & Co., who made an additional room for the use of Joseph S. Bennett's drug concern. In this apartment was established the first telegraph instrument in the town. Mr. Bennett was the operator, and crowds collected to see the wonders of telegraphy.

The most successful part of the Messrs. Watson's business career was after they moved to the north side of the river. At this period guano was imported in immense quantities, and lands began to appreciate in value in consequence of its general use. The Watsons bought and sold thousands of tons of the fertilizer, and invested their profits in land at low prices; their operations, of course, extending to all products of the farm and wood. They owned vessels and speculated in almost everything of commercial value; when the northern and eastern land-buyers came here seeking farms, and lands went up to unheard-of prices, the Messrs. Watsons' fortunes were assured. They bought of Mrs. Hetty Hooper the house and grounds which had belonged to the original proprietor, Joseph Oliver, and erected on the site the two brick residences, where they lived

and died. Bethuel Watson married Miss Ruth Tharp, daughter of ex-Governor William Tharp, and was the father of William Tharp Watson, also governor. The next tenants of the Watson store were a firm composed of B. Y. Collins, John H. Collins and R. J. Hill; who remained there until some time after the civil war. The store was divided into two rooms, J. Wesley Truitt, the dry goods merchant, having the south room, and Dr. R. Y. Watson, when postmaster, using the other as the office.

Another house between it and the bridge, was built and occupied as a dwelling and store by George W. Buchanan, who soon failed and moved away. His property was purchased by John W. Jump, who had prospered in business in the Potter Griffith store, and subsequently bought all but two of the lots down to the creek, and erected the buildings as they are now.

The river side to Water street was formerly piled with wood, lime and staves, amid which stood numerous granaries. In 1848 a storehouse was erected by Mr. McColley at the corner of Walnut and Water Sts., with outside steps leading up to the second-story, where there was an auction room for the sale of the various articles of traveling merchants. The store is now occupied by Wm. A. Humes & Son, hardware merchants. It was once used by Inderleid, McNair & Co. A. T. Chittenden, who married a daughter of William Gray, was a partner. While bathing in the creek one evening, Mr. Chittenden was drowned. After the death of Mr. McColley, Gray became the owner of the Walnut street front to Water street.

On the corner of Water street was the residence

and store of Potter Griffith, a justice of the peace, who in 1838, was quite an aged man; he was of a kindly disposition, but eccentric, and when the inclination seized him for a periodic indulgence, the people would say "the wind is coming around east."

His admiration for General Jackson knew no bounds, and his enthusiasm in this regard was well known. His faults were as nothing; his noble nature making him beloved by all. Many persons and firms succeeded him, among them were Levin C. Fowler, Jump & Pennewill, and last though not least, Joseph C. Gorby as hotel keeper.

The next house, now a shoe shop, was the office of H. W. McColley, secretary and treasurer, and Tench Tilghman, engineer of the Junction and Breakwater Railroad Company. The Chinese laundry apartment, was occupied as far back as 1835, by a man named Clem. Messick and his wife, Ann, who kept an oyster and ale house there. Their daughter, Hester, married Tom Hoskins, who was hanged for the murder of John Bennett. The house, built by Jonathan Milman about 1803, looks at this time just as it did then. The store of T. P. McColley was also built by Milman. Mr. McColley was at first a hatter, then he embarked in the general mercantile business, which included dry goods, groceries, drugs and liquors; it is said that he was the first merchant in town to discontinue the sale of spirits. A man of extraordinary energy and sound common sense; his business prospered from the start. By marriage he acquired considerable land and bought more, so that as early as 1840 he was considered a rich man. About

that time his sons succeeded him as McColley & Bro., and were in business some years. The site of Dr. Geo. W. Marshall's drug store was the residence of James H. Buchanan, who married Miss Hannah Campbell; after him, Capt. William H. Smithers, lived there; then Stephen Redden, who married a sister of T. P. McColley, occupied it. Dr. William Marshall's parlor was formerly two rooms; the south one was once a part of Mr. McColley's residence, then Lewis Chamberlain used it as a jewelry store. It was there that A. N. Hall and S. C. Evans learned the jewelry business. Subsequently in the same house, Jacob Y. Foulk kept a drug store, and just before the close of the civil war Dr. J. S. Prettyman published. in the third-story, the PENINSULAR NEWS AND ADVERTISER.

Religious Worship

TO that new land, that mystic land,
That lay beyond the sea,
They came to found their simple homes
Where conscience should be free.

Who were these hardy pioneers?
What were their race and blood?
The question half is answered,
When we're told "they worshiped God."

God teach us all to love the land
Where these brave souls have dwelt,
To honor our inheritance,
To kneel as they have knelt.

God prosper and defend, we pray,
Our noble Church and State;
And banish from our fair domain
The lust of pride and hate.

And as they came in peaceful trust
Across a troubled sea,
So may we fill our humble part,
And leave the rest with Thee.

The people who settled this peninsula came here to found christian homes, to gain from their own toil a competence, and to better their fortunes generally. They were desirous to leave their children a heritage of

priceless value, and to that end brought them up with a wholesome respect for honest labor, and with due regard for the demands of religion. The discovery of this country and the opening of large tracts for settlement, through the providence of God proved a blessing to Anglo-Saxon peoples, and to the religious creeds they represented.

Among the earliest immigrants who came to this Western continent as to a peaceful asylum, were the Scotch covenanters—divided into presbyterians and baptists. From the province under the control of Penn at the north, there drifted down goodly numbers of Friends, whose religion fitted them as closely as the plain garments they wore. The settlers of the eastern shore of Maryland and Virginia, attracted by the fertile lands along the Atlantic coast, were members of the Church of England. Another element was the Huguenots, who had fled from their native valleys at the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and found asylums throughout Europe. Settled in this country, they allied themselves with the various denominations of their neighbors.

The first colonists were, in large proportion, of Anglo-Saxon blood, and most of them had been reared in the protestant religion. These differing organizations of christians have remained on our peninsula to this day, with the single exception of the society of Friends, which died out early in the century. Another, the Methodist, has been added, but practically we worship as did our fathers before us.

In the earlier years there were no churches in which to assemble—the settlers were scattered, and their

whole time and energy devoted to clearing the forests for their farms, and building their rude houses. But they were not insensible to their religious obligations. From time to time families would meet together, coming often from a great distance, threading forest paths and fording streams, in order to be present. Denominational lines were often discarded, and the exercises consisted in reading and expounding the scriptures, prayers, and the singing of psalms. Frequently these meetings were held under the shade of large forest trees. How appropriate these surroundings, since "the groves were God's first temples." Occasionally a travelling lay-preacher or local exhorter would conduct the devotions, and although their forms may have been crude, yet no doubt their worship was sincere.

CHRIST CHURCH

As the first settlers of this peninsula were, for the most part, natives of England, it was natural that the earliest public religious instruction and administration of the sacraments should be in accordance with what they had been accustomed to at home. And therefore, in the beginning of the last century, there was built, about three miles west of what is now the town of Milford, a chapel where worship was maintained according to the rites of the Church of England. The exact site of this primitive house-of-prayer is no longer known, but services were held there as early as 1704, when the Reverend Thomas Crawford, stationed at Dover, was sent by the English "Society for the Propa-

Photo. by Daugherty

CHRIST CHURCH

gation of the Gospel in Foreign parts,'' to hold services in lower Kent.

In the year 1740 a chapel was built near this spot, since known as Church Hill. It was a small frame structure, thirty-six feet long by thirty feet wide; but probably large enough to accommodate the few worshipers from the still thinly populated country. To the north and nearly in front of the site lies an extensive savannah, and hence, the place of worship became popularly known as the ''Savannah church,'' although it was officially designated as Christ Church, Mispillion.

Ih 1745 the Rev. Arthur Ussher, stationed at Dover, also officiated at this point. He was succeeded by the Rev. Hugh Neil. In 1757 the Rev. Charles Inglis began a most successful pastorate extending over six years. He was called from his labors here to become rector of Trinity Church, New York, and was subsequently bishop of Nova Scotia. Then the Rev. Samuel Magaw was appointed to the vacant place. He relinquished the charge in 1776, to be rector of St. Paul's church, Philadelphia, and later was vice provost of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Magaw was the last missionary of the Propagation Society.

The church was now left to its own resources, but in the congregation were men capable of extending whatever support was needed. Among these were the two who first laid out this town, and gave it that impulse which resulted in its rapid growth in the early days, the Rev. Sydenham Thorne and Joseph Oliver. The latter, after laying out his farm in town lots, made a

gift of sufficient ground for a church site and a graveyard, and in 1791 the foundations of the present "Christ Church," Milford, were laid. These two men were enterprising and energetic. Some opposition to removing the place of worship was encountered, but Thorne and Oliver were not daunted. From clay on the lands of the latter the bricks were made, the parson paying the expense. The site of this primitive brick yard may yet be seen in the northern part of the town, near which another has lately been in operation. Thorne also furnished from his own lands the lumber required, and paid the cost of hewing it into shape.

But in the midst of his labors this brave man died in 1794, and the work of building the church came to a stop. For more than a score of years the unfinished structure stood as a reminder of the zeal and sacrifice of the beloved parson, and as a suggestion to others who should profit by his example. But it was not until 1835 that the work so earnestly begun was carried on to completion.

Originally it was of two stories with galleries on the north, west and south; the communion table being at the east. The pulpit was surmounted, as usual in those days, by a sounding-board.

Rev. Wm. Price succeeded Mr. Thorne, and continued to officiate until 1800. In 1817 the Rev. Henry R. Judah, of the Dover congregation, officiated for a time. Two years later the Rev. Joseph Spencer became master of the Milford Academy, and also rector of the parish. He was followed in 1823 by Rev. Daniel Higbee, who continued in charge until 1839.

In 1833 Rev. Corry Chambers became rector; a

man of much energy and ability, and a fit successor to Thorne of another generation. He succeeded in gathering the scattered members, made extensive repairs to the church, and when in the midst of this work the roof took fire, causing considerable damage, he immediately started a subscription paper, which resulted in securing pledges for much more than the amount needed to make good the damage. In 1836 the completed church was consecrated by the Right Reverend Henry U. Onderdonk. In 1840 Rev. John Reynolds succeeded Mr. Chambers, and remained till 1843.

In 1844 the Rev. John Linn McKim was called to the rectorship; a rare schoiar and a man of unusual ability, he was much loved and respected. In 1863 his son, Rev. John Leighton McKim, succeeded him. During his charge the church (in 1866) was enlarged by adding a chancel, sacristry, porch and tower and other minor improvements. In 1880 he resigned, to be rector of St. Mary's Hall, Burlington.

The next year the Rev. Charles E. Milnor became the minister of the parish, but was soon succeeded by Rev. Lewis H. Jackson, who remained till 1885. Rev. J. C. Kerr was called in 1886, and resigned to become chaplain in the army. He was followed by the Rev. J. Holwell Geare, who served as rector for a year and a-half.

In 1894 Rev. J. Leighton McKim (the present rector) was recalled, and as the last decade of the eighteenth century witnessed the untiring efforts of Parson Thorne in building the church, so the closing years of this century finds in charge a gentleman whose first thought is for his parish, his church and the con-

secrated ground where sleep so many of its communicants.

It may be proper to name some of those who were wardens and vestrymen or pew-holders of Christ Church in past years, especially as many of these persons have had no other mention in these chronicles, and in some cases the names themselves are no longer represented in the community. Such men, for example, as William Sorden, Colonel Peterkin, Ratcliff Poynter, Daniel Rogers, Jehu Davis, Joseph Oliver, Peter Caverly, John Masten, Dr. Sudler, John Purnell, Jacob Biddle, John Reville, Jonathan Walton, Dr. Brinckloe, Edmund Potter, Dr. Adams, Dr. Wm. Wolfe, John Hill, Walter Truitt, Gen. Thomas Fisher, James Clayton, Andrew Barrett, Judge Layton, Jacob McNatt, Abraham Townsend, John Shaver, Charles D. Watson, John R. Draper, Charles Paramore, George R. Fisher, Daniel Currey, Benjamin Potter, Manlove R. Carlisle, Thomas Carlisle, Governor Burton, Dr. Mitchell, Thomas Wallace, Major Lofland, General Torbert, Judge Fisher and Dr. Nathan Pratt.

The church, one of the earliest in the community, has had its difficulties, but its faithful people have overcome them. It has steadily pursued its noble work, with a dignity that at times is lacking among religious congregations, and while its friends outside of those who attend the services are many, yet the expenses of the church work are borne, for the most part, by its faithful adherents.

Photo. by Daugherty

AVENUE M. E. CHURCH

METHODIST

The Methodist church throughout the land has made a phenomenal growth during its short existence. It has been little more than a hundred years since the first meetings were held in private dwellings and under the friendly shelter of the forest trees, but it has increased to such proportions as now to be one of the leading evangelical churches of the country. This denomination has been marked from the days of Wesley by its aggressive earnestness, and has extended the field of its efforts to all classes and places. The church at Milford has been animated by the spirit of the general body, and since its organization has been one of the most active religious forces in our midst.

Methodism in the United States had its inception in this community, and while Barratt's Chapel is generally regarded as the first spot where worship was conducted according to the faith of Wesley, yet meetings were held at various places for several years antedating the erection of the chapel. As early as 1777 there was preaching at the home of Reynear Williams, at Angleford Landing, about three miles east of the present town of Milford, on the banks of the river. Worship was conducted there until the erection of a meeting-house in Milford. During pleasant weather when the congregations were large they would frequently adjourn to the open air, and conduct meetings under the shade of a huge apple tree. Here, from time to time, the ministers of the Methodist society and of other denominations were entertained. Among these guests were Bishop Asbury, Freeborn Garretson and Lorenzo Dow.

Until the year 1785 the followers of the new movement were under the ecclesiastical care of the Church of England, and were dependent upon it for the sacraments. The places of worship were called "meeting-houses," and the preachers were evangelists or lay-preachers. It was not till 1785 that the Methodist Church became separate and independent. In 1780 Philip Barratt and Waitman Sipple led a movement to establish a place of worship, which resulted in the building of Barratt's Chapel, just north of what is now the town of Frederica. Only a few years later, in 1787, a movement was started to erect a meeting-house in the town of Milford, which was crowned with success two years later. Joseph Oliver, who gave the land for the Episcopal Church, and who was a member of that body, donated the ground for the new place of worship. It is related that the first meeting in the new building was held before its completion, Rev. William Jessup preaching a funeral sermon. In 1789 the minutes of the church first mention the name of Milford; at that time Thomas Jackson and William Ratcliff were in charge, Richard Whatcoat being presiding elder of the district. The conference of 1812, over which Bishop George presided, was held in this building. It was a memorable session for its sermons, twenty-three being preached during the few days of its continuance; six were delivered from the pulpit one Sunday. When we consider how lengthy the sermons were in those days, the intermissions must have been brief indeed.

This place of worship was located at about the center of the Methodist burial-ground, and ran east

and west; it was a frame structure at first lighted by candles, and later by sperm-oil lamps.

In those days the negroes attended worship as well as the white people, and there was generally a gallery provided for their exclusive use. This was the case in this old meeting-house; on communion days they filed down stairs to partake of the sacrament, after the white people had been served. There was a partition running down the middle of the building, on one side of which sat the men, on the other the women. Cuspidores were provided for the former, and this fact alone testifies that in some respects our habits are more admirable than some of those of our fathers. The benches on which they sat were of board, which fact helps us to form an idea of the spartan nature of these people who could sit on these benches and listen to six long sermons.

This building was afterwards sold and removed, and a new edifice erected on North street, nearly opposite. The official board at this time was composed of the following persons: Purnell Hall, Samuel Draper, Jesse Sherwood, Benjamin Henderson and Louder Layton. The new building, a substantial brick structure, was dedicated in 1842. It was then that instrumental music was introduced, and this resulted in dissensions, which caused a number of members to withdraw for a time. Conference convened here again in 1845, Bishop Waugh presiding.

About 1870 a number of members thinking that the church building was too small to accommodate the growing congregation, and that it should be more centrally located, started a movement to erect a new

edifice. This stirred up violent dissensions; many maintained that the building was sufficiently large; others were in favor of moving to South Milford, and still others advocated remodeling the old edifice. Finally a new site was selected, and the corner-stone was laid in 1871. The building is a handsome and commodious structure, costing $19,000; but it cost, too, the membership of a number who left it never to return. The third conference held here, under Bishop Ames, was convened in 1877, and in 1879 the church was relieved of serious financial embarrassment by the efforts of the pastor, Rev. J. B. Quigg, and his fellow-workers. The last conference held here was in 1890, Bishop Bowman presiding.

For many years this church has been most fortunate in its ministers; in nearly all instances they have been able preachers and efficient pastors. Under the itinerancy they were too numerous to record.

The present incumbent, Dr. Barrett, is the peer of all, and has carried on his work unostentatiously, yet ably. The church has maintained the various organizations supplementary to its regular worship, and has been a great religious force from the beginning. In membership it has been more democratic, perhaps, than some of its sister churches; among its members are leaders in the community, but it has also reached out its arms after the lowly. It has supplied a great need in religious life, and all wish it well.

Photo by Daugherty p 101

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

PRESBYTERIAN

On the old King's highway, south side of the Mispillion, and about a quarter of a mile from the present town of Milford, there stood in former days a chapel where worship was conducted after the manner of the Presbyterians. Situated as it was, a few rods distant from the confluence of the three branches which join to make the Mispillion, it was known in those days as the "Three Runs" meeting.house.

Like most of the earlier places of worship the time of its erection is lost in obscurity. Probably it dated back to the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1772 the Lewes presbytery met there, and a year later the Rev. Mr. Huston was licensed, and preached at this place; also, at Murderkill, Wicomico, Queen Anne's, Princess Anne, Nanticoke, Blackwater and Rehoboth, and in 1764 he was ordained and installed as pastor of the united congregations of Murderkill and the Three Runs. When presbytery met at the former place, in 1770, complaint was made that Mr. Huston was using Dr. Watt's version of the psalms instead of the Rouse version. The presbytery met again at Three Runs in 1771.

Besides the ministers there were present the elders, Dr. John Hazlett and John Draper. Rev. Mr. Huston died in 1785. From the minutes of presbytery in 1786 we quote the following: "A chasm of two minutes of two sessions which was supposed to be lost in the plundering of Mr. Huston's house by refugees." So we infer that certain records disappeared during the

Revolution, and that their loss was attributed to Tory vandalism.

The old Three Runs meeting-house was abandoned early in this century (about 1815), and for a time the few remaining members worshiped in a building situated in the eastern part of South Milford near the road which was a part of the old king's highway. After a time this house also was abandoned, and for a period there was no public place set aside for Presbyterian worship in the town of Milford. There remained, however, many of the original members, and a warm feeling for the church of their fathers was kept alive. The presbytery of Wilmington interested in extending the influences of the denomination, sent the Rev. G. W. Kennedy to Milford with instructions to organize a congregation. This gentleman, after many discouragements, succeeded in gathering sufficient funds to erect a building. A number of the most liberal and progressive citizens who were not members, or who belonged to other denominations contributed, and with the money raised partly in other quarters, there were soon sufficient funds to build not only a house of worship, but a parsonage. The building committee consisted of William Tharp, P. F. Causey, H. B. Fiddeman, William V. Coulter, Dr. James P. Lofland and John A. Hazzard. The first roll of membership contained seven names. In the corner-stone of the present edifice, among other materials, are several bricks taken from the foundations of the original Three Runs structure. Mr. Kennedy continued his ministry until 1856, during which time the membership increased. For a time after his departure, the church passed

through many vicissitudes ; the old and the new school presbyteries, the former of Lewes, and the latter from Wilmington, striving for supremacy. The Lewes presbytery sent the Rev. Cornelius Mustard in 1857 to preach on alternate Sundays, but in November of that year he was succeeded by the Rev. G. W. Mears, who remained but a few months, and subsequently became a professor in Hamilton College.

Rev. J. Garland Hamner occupied the pulpit from 1860 to 1863. He was very successful in adding names to the rolls, including those of a number of prominent citizens. He was followed by the Rev. Littleton J. Bowen, of the Lewes, or old school presbytery, who continued for a time, and performed his duties in a very acceptable manner.

In 1866 the Rev. J. F. Severance was called, and remained for two years ; during his pastorate there were many members added. He was succeeded by the Rev. Richard A. Mallory, who continued in charge until his death in 1872. While he was pastor one hundred and three members were added to the church, and at his death the members of the congregation deemed their loss irreparable. During the latter part of his life, and for a time after his death, the pulpit was filled by the Rev. George E. Jones, of Princeton Seminary. He was followed by the Rev. A. A. Dinsmore, who remained over two years, and was efficient and beloved.

The Rev. H. L. Bunstein was called in 1870 and has remained to this time. To the present generation, Mr. Bunstein is too well known as a pastor, preacher and gentleman to need the praise of the writer ;

but that future generations may know, it is sufficient to say that he is one our most respected citizens, genial, scholarly and zealous in church work. From every standpoint his life in our midst has been a success.

Such is the history of this church in outline; it has carried on its charities and its minor Christian organizations; it has exerted a mighty influence on the morals of the community, and its members generally are respected and honored. May its future be even brighter than its past.

BAPTIST

The church has never been numerically strong in this section, but there have always been sufficient persons of their faith to keep alive an interest and to hold together the few who have been attached to this form of worship. Their early history in this vicinity has been lost in obscurity, and but little remains in the form of tradition, from which the chronicler may draw reliable inferences.

The first building devoted exclusively to worship by the Baptists of this section was undoubtedly the old church in Milford Neck, about three miles from Milford, and which has been popularly known as the "Old Baptist meeting-house." The services conducted here were in accordance with the observances of the "old school," but there are no adherents of their particular beliefs now remaining in the community. It may be accepted that this building was erected not long after the middle of the eighteenth century, probably about 1760. We have authentic information that the building was repaired and re-roofed in 1796, and

Photo. by Daugherty p. 104

BAPTIST CHURCH

judging from this, it seems certain that it must have been standing at least thirty or forty years before these repairs should have been necessary.

Early in this present century the church appears to have been in a prosperous condition; doubtless due in part to there being no other place of worship of any denomination in Milford Neck. Most of the prominent families in that section affiliated with it, and it was not till the Methodist church became aggressive, that its membership dropped away, and the house was abandoned as a place of worship. It is not known who were its founders and supporters, nor who were its ministers, save the Rev. Matthew M. Hynson, of Milford, father of Garrett L. Hynson, who preached there occasionally; he rests in the burial-ground of Christ church. The Rev. Peter Meredith also preached there, holding services about every fourth Sunday, for many years. This was discontinued just prior to the civil war.

When the state passed the general school law, early in this century, the building was devoted to school purposes during the week days, and to religious worship on Sundays; but it soon became more important as a school than as a church. Pupils from a wide range of territory received here the sum of their education. From this old building graduated many of the best men of the community, and they have been active in the various walks of life. There are yet living a number of our citizens who sat under the iron hand of some of the autocratic teachers who held sway in this building. After a time the state made different provisions for public education. Smaller districts were laid out, and

new school houses built, so the old building was abandoned. But it was not to remain untenanted long; an old negro, the product of a by-gone generation, moved in and made it his home. As a boy he had attended worship there with his mother, who was a member, a woman locally famous; and who, solely on account of her great age, was popularly regarded as a witch. Here the son, "Josh" Clark, took up his abode, and the place became the terror of the children and the superstitious for miles around. Clark was in some way associated with these mysteries, but nothing broke the slumbers of the old man as he reposed on his bed of straw in front of the pulpit, from which he had heard so many sermons delivered.

After his death, some years since, the building was torn down, and nothing now remains to mark the site, save the few sunken and overgrown graves in the rear. For some time there was no Baptist church in this vicinity, the descendants of the old members, having in most cases either moved away or united with other denominations; and, therefore, when in later years a new organization of Baptists was effected in Milford, its adherents numbered but few who were descended from the members of this congregation; and the organization had abandoned the "old school" for the new.

It was not till after the civil war that there was any serious effort made to revive Baptist worship in this locality. The settlers who came from other states and purchased farms, attracted by fruit-growing and the pleasant climate, brought with them their religious creeds; a number were Baptists, and these, together

with those already in the community, determined to establish a church. For a time worship was conducted at Lincoln, but the membership was limited, and it was decided to move to Milford, where it was thought the movement would receive better support.

On June 14, 1873, a meeting was called at the old M. E. Church on North street, to consider the advisability of organizing a Baptist congregation. It was an undertaking requiring stout hearts and unlimited energy, since there were but few of this denomination in the community ; and although these were representative citizens, there were no wealthy men among them to bear their financial burdens. Two month later, at a meeting held at the same place, they made overtures to be taken into the regular Baptist organization and to be recognized as a church of that faith. In August of the same year a committee was appointed to purchase the old M. E. Church, in which they held their meetings, if the terms were satisfactory, and a good title could be given. Another committee was named to secure funds for the purpose. The project was subsequently abandoned for some reason, after which all efforts were directed to building a new edifice.

In October of 1873, the congregation was formally organized under the name of the First Baptist church, of Milford, and the following gentlemen were elected trustees : S. Todd Jenkins, Seymore C. Horton, Daniel H. Weeks, George L. Rice and Abner M. Webb. Early in 1874 H. H. Learmy was called to the charge. At this time there was occasional preaching, the number of communicants being nineteen, and the attendance less than a hundred.

On March 28, 1874, a committee was named to solicit funds for the erection of a building. It was composed of the following gentlemen: Jonathan Smith, A. M. Webb, Stephen Shockley, Daniel Weeks and George L. Stevens. In 1875 the church edifice was completed. It is a commodious frame structure, situated on Second street, in North Milford, near the public school building.

The church, with its little band of followers, has had a struggle from the first. It has been without the services of a pastor for periods of some length, but its people have never grown discouraged. There is a lack of numbers, but not of zeal, and their energy and courage argue success in the years to come.

THE OLD QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE

Many of the present generation are not aware that in by-gone years, this community had in its midst a considerable number of Friends; but there are a few elderly persons who can remember when a remnant of these plain people walked the streets of Milford, and exchanged salutations in their plain language. Occasionally we hear traditions respecting their meeting-house and burial place; but beyond the location of these, very little information remains. A few fragments, however, that are left us, and these, although meagre, are yet authentic.

The first mention of Friends in the present limits of Milford Hundred, is found in the minutes of Duck Creek meeting, on the 19th, of 3d month, 1707, at which time it is reported that "Joseph Booth and Mark

Manlove appeared for Mushmillion (Mispillion). Wm. Horn brought a note from the Quarterly Meeting, signifying their approbation of settling a meeting of worship at Mushmillion Creek, upon the first day of the week. Weekly meetings had been held at the house of Matthew Manlove, and on the 20th of ninth month, 1710, request was made that the place of meeting be changed to the house of Reynear Williams, which was granted." [Scharf's Hist].

Mr. Ussher, in his report to the English "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," (1742), says: "Upon the justest calculation I can make, I find there are 1004 families in the county, thereof 508 are of the Church of England, 392 Presbyterians, 60 Quakers and 45 Baptists."

Mr. Neill, his successor, reporting to the same Society in 1751, calculates the number of taxables or families within the county (Kent) "to be one thousand, three hundred and twenty. Those who profess themselves of the Church of England make almost an equal balance in number with the Dissenters of all sorts. We have one Independent (baptist) teacher, that attends two other places of worship: one Presbyterian meeting-house, but no teacher; one Newlight meeting-house, without any teacher, about five or six families of Papists, who are attended once a month from Maryland with a priest, and two small Quaker meeting-houses." These were doubtless Duck Creek and Camden. In the deed from Cullen's executor to Sydenham Thorne, made 1785, occur the words, "except a lot of ground heretofore sold to the people called Quakers, containing about one acre." No mention is made of the Friends

in this vicinity erecting a meeting-house until after 1790. On the 13th of November of that year, John Dickinson sold to the trustees of Murderkill (Motherkill) Meeting, five acres of land near Milford for the erecting and supporting a meeting-house and schoolhouse. The meeting-house was there built and used for many years, but has now entirely passed away. It was situated on Tanners' (Cullen's) Branch, on the north west side of the town in or near their burying-ground.

The Milford members of the Society, as far as can now be ascertained were, besides those above mentioned, Reynear Williams, Gallaudet Oliver, John Thomas and Isaiah James. The descendants of these conformed in most cases to the Episcopal Church; other birth-right members were absorbed by the Camden meeting, and the rest appear to have died out or disappeared altogether, as at this writing, there is hardly a Quaker left in Mispillion Hundred.

Photo. by Daugherty

CLAYTON HOMESTEAD

(Built by MR. THORNE—Now MRS. MARY E. LOFLAND'S)

Four Distinguished Sons

The Statesman, the Soldier, the Jurist and the Poet

MILFORD has produced many men whose lives have honored the place of their birth, and whose energies have been devoted to building up her industries and improving her general condition; she has also sent forth into broader fields a few who have brought her name into prominence. In presenting this view of her honored sons, we have selected the names of four citizens who stand forth in their particular spheres, pre-eminent among our people, and we feel sure that coming generations will delight to recount their deeds and to render homage to their names.

JOHN M. CLAYTON

John M. Clayton was the most brilliant son Milford ever sent out into the great world—perhaps he was the greatest man Delaware ever produced, and while not born in this town, he spent the greater part of his boyhood days here, and here he received his earlier education. The remains of His father and mother repose in the old burialground on the Thorne farm at the edge of own, where his childhood days were spent. Their distinguished son afterwards marked the spot in loving remembrance of his honored parents.

John M. Clayton was born on the 24th day of July, 1796, at Dagsboro, in Sussex County. He was the

eldest son of James and Sarah Middleton Clayton, and was a lineal descendent of the fourth generation from Joshua Clayton, who came to this country on the good ship "Welcome," in 1662, as the friend and companion of William Penn. He died at Dover, November 9th, 1856, at the house on the southwest corner of the public square.

To his mother Clayton owed much of the ability and versatility he afterwards displayed. She was one of the most remarkable women of her time; and her fund of information on all topics from household affairs to statesmanship seemed unlimited. She directed his studies and helped to inspire him with the lofty ideals which made him one of the greatest statesman of the period.

As a boy he attended the old Academy of this town and one of the earlier schoolmasters said of him that he was the brightest boy he ever knew. It is related that Clayton first exhibited those talents which afterwards made him eminent, when yet a boy in this town in discourses on political questions. His favorite pastime was to make stump speeches to the interested spectators in his father's tanyard. It is said that a number of citizens were so impressed with his precocity that they induced his father to send him to college and to allow him every means of education. After completing his course here, he went to Yale College, from which he graduated with the highest honors of his class. He then took a course in law at the Litchfield (Conn.) Law School (an institution celebrated in those days), and was admitted to the Delaware bar in 1819. Clayton never forgot his mother, and the first act of his profes-

sional life was one which showed his devotion; his initial fee was twenty dollars, and immediately after it was received he set out afoot for Milford, that he might place it in his mother's hands. His promotion was rapid, being elected to the U. S. Senate at the early age of thirty-two. There were giants in the Senate then, such men as Calhoun, Webster, Benton and Clay. Mr. Clayton immediately took rank as peer of all. He was re-elected to the Senate in 1835, again in 1845, and again in 1853. During this period he was a foremost figure in the discussion and settlement of every question of national importance. So prominent had he become and so valuable his services that he was made Secretary of State under President Taylor. During his incumbency of this office, he negotiated the Clayton–Bulwer treaty between this country and Great Britain.

In 1837, desiring to retire from public life, he resigned his seat in the Senate, but was induced to accept the office of Chief Justice of the state courts. In this capacity, too, he was pre-eminent; although on the bench three years, no writ of error was taken from his decisions.

The political enthusiasm which followed Clayton was never before equalled in the State, nor has it been since. And this enthusiasm was not without its cause; he knew everybody, stopped at the houses of the farmers; remembered the names of their wives, children and relatives, and was not affected by the lack of luxuries. As a campaign speaker he was invincible; among his hearers were always about equal numbers of Whigs and Democrats, since none could resist his eloquence. He combined in a wonderful degree the rare powers of

a great leader—breadth of information, wit, keen judgment and an affable manner.

In person he was striking, with a stature of more than six feet, large framed and impressive looking. His face was handsome, with full, regular features and a massive head, around which clustered carelessly locks of a grayish brown. His eyes were of a mild gray, save when he was aroused, when they seemed to flash fire.

He was married at the outset of his professional career to Miss Fisher, of Camden, Delaware, and her early death saddened in a measure the remainder of his life. No one ever knew the strength of his affections, but the few intimate friends who loved him, he occasionally allowed to see into the depths hidden from the public. One of his diversions was to perform on the violin, and it is recorded that he was found on one occasion playing "The Last Rose of Summer," while the tears were coursing down his cheeks. Such was John M. Clayton, of Delaware, in his early years of Milford, great in intellect and strong in his affections. Through many generations our people will cherish his memory.

MAJOR GEN. A. T. A. TORBERT

General Torbert was one of our most distinguished citizens and most admirable characters. A gentleman every inch, yet affable and unassuming. Notwithstanding the honors conferred upon him he never forgot his humbler neighbors and acquaintances. A friend relates that on his return from Paris, where he represented this country as Consul General, his first reception

was held in the middle of the street, where he greeted the farmers, recognizing and calling each by name. It was his way, and his simple good-nature won him hosts of friends.

His was a character of many sides, but in each he was a self-respecting gentleman. Interested in farming he could talk intelligently upon agricultural matters. But when the scene changed and he was placed among scholars and diplomats, General Torbert was as "one to the manor born."

But his natural ability was best exhibited in war. He chose the cavalry branch of the service, as it offered better opportunities for the exercise of his intrepid qualities.

He was born in Georgetown, Delaware, July 1, 1833, and after attending the home schools, entered the U. S. Military Academy at the age of seventeen. He graduated in 1855, and was immediately assigned to the frontier, where he had his first experience in Indian warfare.

In 1861 he returned home on a leave of absence, having, in the meantime, been promoted to a lieutenancy. Ten days later the war broke out. Torbert had expected it, and notwithstanding great pressure and much persuasion to the contrary, followed the flag of his country. He was soon promoted to a captaincy, and served at Yorktown and Manassas. He next became commander of a brigade, and at South Mountain distinguished himself for coolness and valor. In 1864 he was appointed Chief of cavalry under the intrepid Sheridan. From this time he was constantly in the thick of almost every battle, and was brevetted

Major General of volunteers in September, 1864. He was then placed in command of the army of the Shenandoah, and continued his brilliant career. In 1865 he was made brevet Major General of the U. S. regular army. He was mustered out in 1866, and settled in Milford, marrying Miss Mary Currey, daughter of Daniel Currey.

In 1868 he was the Republican candidate for Congress, but the state being strongly Democratic, was defeated. He was appointed minister to Salvador in 1869, and Consul General to Havana in 1871. Two years later he became Consul General to Paris. He was remarkably popular in diplomatic circles.

His death was most tragic, and saddened the whole community. The steamer Vera Cruz, of which he was a passenger, was wrecked off the coast of Florida, August 29, 1880. Even to the last he showed his heroism, using his utmost efforts to save the women and children. But he was cast on shore lifeless. His funeral, attended by his comrades in arms, his political friends and the humblest citizens of the community, will long be remembered. The burial office having been read by a former rector of Christ Church, to which he belonged, his remains were interred in the Methodist burial-ground. Thus Torbert died—as he had lived—in the discharge of his duty. His noble wife was laid beside him a number of years later, and both are enshrined in the memories of our people.

THE MILFORD BARD

John Lofland, the Milford Bard, attained considerable celebrity in his day, and, while not a great poet, was a man of considerable genius, whose fame was not bounded by the confines of his native State.

The son of Isaac and Cynthia Lofland, he was born in Milford, March 9, 1798. Like many men of letters, he exhibited no especial aptitude for regular study in early years. He had an aversion for mathematics, and no taste for the languages, but was educating himself along original lines. Poetry, philosophy, essays and novels he devoured while yet a mere boy, and it was his delight to write articles and verses in imitation of these various styles. A genius in a certain way, through his career he was hampered by a lack of that discipline which should have been acquired in his earlier years. In addition to this his habits were such as to make his work irregular and erratic. His flashes of genius were evidences of what might have been accomplished, had he been actuated by stronger self-control.

At the age of seventeen, he began the study of medicine under the supervision of his cousin, Dr. James P. Lofland. He attended lectures for three years at the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, but had little interest in his studies, and spent much of his time in reading and making verses. He was known among his associates as "The Poet," and contributed to the *Saturday Evening Post*, and the *Casket*, a magazine of some prominence. Some of these verses were published under the *nom de plume* of "the Milford Bard," and by this title he was subse-

quently known. He became acquainted about this time with Thomas Moore, the poet, when that famous man was residing in Philadelphia, and this acquaintanceship was the source of great delight to him. Unfortunately he was given to dissipation, but after yielding unduly to temptation, wrote some of his best lines, and the verses that gave him his reputation.

He had his love attachments, too, and the varied experiences growing out of hopes and disappointments, furnished many themes for his poems. A member of various societies of literary men, he resided for several years in Baltimore, and was paid much attention. For a time he was on the staff of the *Blue Hen's Chicken*, a newspaper of wide popularity.

He died in 1849, at the age of fifty-three, and rests in St. Andrew's church-yard in the city of Wilmington.

He was in many respects a remarkable person, eccentric and irresponsible. Though possessing many of the characteristics of genius, as well as some of the frailties that usually accompany great literary characters. He accomplished just enough in life to awaken admiration, and excite wonder as to what he might have done had his training been more thorough and his purpose in life more serious.

GEORGE P. FISHER

George P. Fisher was born in Milford, October 13, 1817. His father was General Thomas Fisher, and his mother Nancy Owens, of Sussex. He passed his boyhood in this town, and attended the academy here

till prepared to enter St. Mary's college at Baltimore. After one year at this institution he withdrew and entered Dickinson college, graduating in 1838.

Mr. Fisher decided upon the profession of law for his life work, and naturally chose John M. Clayton as his preceptor. They were already well acquainted, Fisher's house being just across the street from the Clayton homestead.

He was admitted to the bar of the state in 1841, and began the practice of law in Dover. He immediately entered into a large practice, and became a popular favorite, and when Clayton was made Secretary of State under President Taylor, he invited young Fisher to a place in the state department. Here he was interested in several important matters and acquitted himself in every case with distinction. In 1852 he returned to Dover and resumed the practice of law.

In 1855 Governor Causey appointed him Attorney-General of the state. He was the nominee of the Union party for Congress in 1860, and two years later represented the Republican party on the ticket, but though he claimed to have been elected, was not seated.

In 1863 President Lincoln appointed him Associate Judge of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. He served in this position during the trying days of the war, and presided in several famous trials, one of which was the case of the conspirators against the life of President Lincoln. In 1870 he resigned from the bench, and was appointed by President Grant U. S. District Attorney for the District of Columbia. In 1875 he resigned, and then returned to Delaware. His last official position was under the Harrison adminis-

tration, when he was made First Auditor of the Treasury. He served till the inauguration of President Cleveland, and then returned to Delaware. Later he removed to Washington, where he had spent the greater part of his mature years, and there he died in February of the present year.

Judge George P. Fisher came into public life at one of the stormiest periods of our history. He was a man for the times; strong in his convictions, and firm in his purposes. Absolutely loyal to his friends and to his party affiliations, he made enemies, but even they acknowledged his energy, ability and unswerving loyalty to his friends and to his convictions. His interest in public affairs never waned, and one of the latest acts of his life was to prepare an elaborate paper on the Monroe Doctrine for the "Sons of Delaware," of Philadelphia. He was married in his early manhood to Eliza A., eldest daughter of the Rev. Trusten P. McColley.

Shipbuilding

THE first vessels that sailed the waters of the Mispillion were not built here, but probably in the growing cities of Philadelphia or New York. They were engaged in trading in the various products, and carried to the cities cargoes of cord-wood and general farm produce. The return freight consisted in all articles the community consumed. Cord-wood was shipped in large quantities, as anthracite coal had not yet been brought into general use.

The first vessel built on the Mispillion was launched at the New Wharf, and its builders were William Dredden and William DuPree. In the early days of this century the business had increased, and a number of vessels were launched from this point. During the war of 1812 the British burned two schooners here, and when the tide is low their hulks may yet be seen, a short distance above the steamboat landing. It is surmised that these vessels were built at this spot, the New Wharf.

Of the time when they were launched we have no record, but certainly before there was any village of Milford. From this point the business gradually moved up the stream, and for awhile shipbuilding was conducted at the lower end of Paul Knabb's lane, on the spot now occupied by the factory of Simpson & Co. John Draper was the proprietor. This was perhaps the best site for a ship-yard in the neighborhood, as the

abrupt turn in the river offers a straight course for launching, and, besides, the fast land and sloping hill affords good natural advantages.

It is supposed that a man named West was the pioneer shipbuilder in Milford proper. He was followed by David Black, who died here a few years since, very aged. William Warren and his son Robert were also engaged in the business in early days.

Then came Carlisle & Reville, John C. Truitt and James H. Deputy. These were the palmy days of the industry. The vessels built were large for the period, and used mostly for the coasting trade. Frequently they were of such great dimensions as to be with difficulty gotten out of the river, and only the spring tides would float certain craft. Mr. Deputy built most of the staunch vessels employed by the Mays, of Philadelphia.

Just prior to the civil war the industry was at its height, and Milford became famous among ship-owners for her coasting vessels. The business did not wane till a number of years after the war, when the extension of railroads and the building of steamboats terminated the days of the supremacy of the sailing craft.

Among the firms engaged at a later period were Lank & Reville, William A. Scribner, Black & Co., Joseph Harper, James W. Abbott, Abbott & Co., David Lank, James M. Black, and still later, William G. Abbott, who, at this writing is building the largest vessel ever on the stocks along our river. But the most extensive builders were William F. Reville, James H. Deputy, Manlove and Thomas Carlisle, William Scribner, and the Abbotts—father and son.

Among the earlier vessels built here were the "Col.

Gibson," Captain Woodmansee; the "Perseverence," Captain Reuben Anderson, and the "Henry White," Captain Henry May. Nearly four hundred sloops and schooners in all have been built on the stream, most of which were launched from the yards in South Milford. This number does not include the smaller craft. Most of these gallant vessels now lie on the bottom; some are imbedded in the beaches of foreign lands; others sailed away and no tidings ever came back, while many have been towed into peaceful harbors, where they disintegrate in peace.

There were large vessels built in the early days; about 1832 the bark "Delaware" was launched from Hickman's landing, about half way down the river, one of the largest schooners ever built on the stream. As early as 1800 vessels were built just below the Milford mills, and remnants of stocks, posts and logs yet remain as mute witnesses to a great industry of the past.

The clink of the hammers of the ship carpenters made merry music for years; now they have almost ceased, and the people sadly feel the loss. Hundreds of workmen were engaged, and good wages paid. Besides there were kindred interests which flourished. Delaware white oak was in demand; saw-mills were busy turning out lumber, and the town was growing and prosperous. During the flourishing days of the industry, Hiram Barber settled in Milford and conducted for many years a saw-mill near the present depot. It is said that his mill furnished more timber for ship-building than any other in this section. Lumber was hauled for many miles from both Kent and Sussex and from the forests near Maryland. Contractors flourished,

as many as fifteen men at one time being engaged in speculating in ship timber. The Government, too, sent contractors here to purchase our famous white oak.

Milford was prosperous then, and fortunes were easily made. The south end built up rapidly, and there was plenty of money in circulation. With nearly twenty vessels on the stocks at one time, one may imagine the palmy days for contractors, workmen and merchants. Would that the great ship building days might be repeated.

The Press of Milford

IN 1848 the first newspaper in Milford began publication and to-day, after a space of little more than fifty years, three papers are issued weekly. From the advent of the first, to the present time, each has started, not so much in response to public demand, as to create a place for itself. When the first sheet was issued in this town, there was little competition in the state below Wilmington; now almost every village has its paper and some boast of several; and yet they all manage to live and sometimes to prosper. Their number and circulation have grown out of proportion to the increase of population, for the obvious reason that men read papers more generally now than in former years.

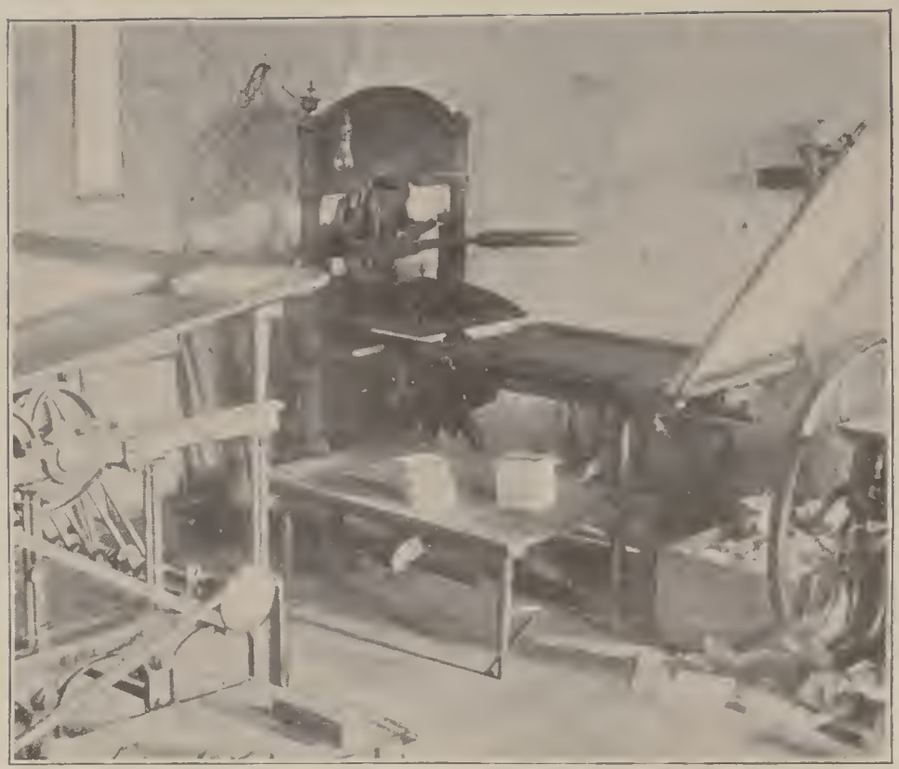
It would be difficult to adequately estimate the elevating influences of the press; all public enterprises, moral and religious movements, find it a steady support. It disseminates the news, often in itself not elevating, but it seldom presents the ghastly and hideous in an attractive light. The people are better informed on public affairs than they ever were before, and reading even the local gossip, has led many a mind on to more elevating literature. The press of Milford compares favorably with that of any town in the state, and is to-day the greatest engine of progress in the community. Its moral force is second only to that of the church; but at times it does not meet with the appreciation it deserves.

THE PIONEERS

The pioneer newspaper of this town was the *Milford Beacon*, the first number of which was issued in September, 1848. The editor was John H. Emerson, of Denton, Md., a man of enterprise and ability, who succeeded in a short time in demonstrating the need of a public journal, and of his ability to conduct it. The paper was published at the northwest corner of Front and Church streets, in the brick building still standing. Among the contributors to its columns were, Charles T. Fleming, Dr. John Stradley, Samuel Paisley, jr., and Thomas B. Coursey. After a successful year at the above site, it was moved to the Masonic building, Front and Walnut streets, where it remained for several years.

In 1851 Mr. Emerson sold the paper to Josiah Hart Conrad, an experienced young newspaper man from Philadelphia. He enlarged and improved it, and under his management it reached its greatest prosperity. But in the midst of his success, Mr. Conrad died, and the paper passed into the possession of Mahan Brothers, James and George. They continued to publish it under its original name until 1857, when it was transformed into the *Diamond State*.

The plant of the *Beacon*, however, did not pass with the new title to Mahan Brothers, but was secured by other persons who resumed the original name. Its new editor was Richard Chambers, an elderly gentleman who had attained some celebrity by compiling the speeches of Henry Clay. In 1856, James Mahan, withdrawing from partnership with his brother, estab-



OLD WASHINGTON HANDPRESS

Photos. by Daugherty THE "NEWS" p. 127

lished a paper in South Milford, which he named the *Sussex Gleaner*. It was not a success, owing to too great competition, and though well edited and tastefully printed, its final number was soon issued.

1857 was the year of a great newspaper epidemic, four being published at one time. In June the *Beacon* became the *Diamond State;* and April 24th the *Peninsular News and Advertiser* issued its first number. September witnessed the revival of the *Beacon*, and in in October the *Observer* made its initial bow, with Henry S. Truitt and Frederick J. Ennis as proprietors. Then the tide turned; the *Beacon* and *Observer* suspended, and in 1859 the *Diamond State* was removed to New Castle, leaving to the *News* the entire field.

THE PENINSULAR NEWS AND ADVERTISER

This paper was founded in 1857, by Dr. John S. Prettyman and James D. Prettyman, and William T. P. Hudson, a brother-in-law, with the last two named gentlemen as editors and Samuel E. Smith as its publisher, an entirely new plant having been purchased by them. It was from the beginning an anti-slavery sheet, the first of its kind south of the Mason and Dixon's line. From the initial issue it was fearless, able and aggressive, and in the next campaign it supported the candidates of the Republican party—Lincoln and Hamlin. In the office to-day and regarded as one of its most treasured possessions, is the old Washington press, upon which the first issue of the *News* was printed. The office was in the building now the residence of Dr. William

Marshall. The paper was published by the above gentlemen for about two years, when Dr. John S. Prettyman bought his brother's interest and continued publication. Its editors in succession were Prettyman & Hudson; Dr. John S. Prettyman, E. P. Aldred, James B. Mahan and William H. Hutchin. In 1863 it suspended, and for two years there was no paper published in the town, save a comparatively unimportant advertising sheet named the *Lincoln Herald* issued by A. T. Johnson.

But in July, 1865, James B. Riggs, a newspaper man from Wilmington, secured the old plant and issued the *Milford Statesman*, which also soon expired. Then James B. Mahan began to publish a paper named the *Milford Argus;* it was well conducted, attractively printed and well edited, but ere long it was purchased by Reville Brothers, who conducted it for about a year, and then sold to Justus Lowery, who called it *Our Mutual Friend*. In 1870 General Harris bought the concern, but sold out after a year to Dr. John S. Prettyman, who refitted the plant and resumed publication of the *Peninsular News and Advertiser*.

From this time to the present day it has been published regularly under that name. Associated with Dr. Prettyman as one of the editors was Dr. William C. Davidson; the publisher was William P. Corsa. Immediately it became an influential journal, widely read and very ably edited. The plant was probably the best equipped south of Wilmington, and it became the chief job printing office for almost half the peninsula. After a time Mr. Corsa severed his connection with the paper, and was succeeded by Scott, Lofland &

Hynson as publishers. Mr. Julius E. Scott subsequently helped to found the *Chronicle*, which he assisted editing and publishing for several years. Mark G. Lofland retired from the printing office, and is now one of our successful business men. H. L. Hynson subsequently became editor of the paper, and conducted it for many years.

In 1880 H. H. Prettyman, son of Dr. Prettyman, succeeded his father as editor and publisher, and a few months later Henry Harris purchased a half interest, and became his associate. This partnership continued till August of the same year, when Henry L. Hynson purchased the Prettyman interests, and the paper was was issued under the name of Harris & Hynson, editors and publishers.

In November, 1881, there was another change. Mr. Hynson secured control of the share of Mr. Harris, and assumed full charge of the paper. It was issued as an independent Republican sheet, and continued so during his lifetime. For more than fifteen years he conducted this paper ably and fearlessly until his death, which occurred in May, 1897. A few months later Millard L. Hydorn leased the plant and became its editor and publisher, the lease expiring in January, 1899. Mr. Hydorn, however, soon retired from the editorship to become principal of the North Milford public schools. In January, 1899, the present firm of Hynson & Mears assumed the management. George B. Hynson is a brother of the former editor, H. L. Hynson, and Mr. R. J. Mears is a graduate of the office. Such has been the history of the NEWS, briefly told. While it has experienced many changes of

management, its editorial utterances have, all the while, been marked with uncommon ability; it began as a Republican organ, and has continued such till the present. Its opinions have been independent and clearly expressed; at times its own party leaders and their conduct have been criticised. The utterances have been fearless and honest, and no one could ever doubt the paper's position.

Among its editors the names of three stand out conspicuously—Dr. Prettyman, Dr. Davidson and H. L. Hynson. Dr. Prettyman is yet living in our midst, a most respected citizen. He was one of the first great champions of the anti-slavery movement in Delaware, as well as one of the ablest. His political friends frequently took issue with his opinions, but that did not hinder their utterance. He could not be swerved from what he deemed to be right, even though it cost him the loss of political support and prestige. He was always well informed, and could hold his position against the most formidable opponent. His integrity and ability were never questioned. He was appointed Consul to Glasgow, Scotland, in 1861, by President Lincoln, and in 1869, made Collector of Internal Revenue for the District of Delaware, by President Grant.

Dr. Davidson was one of the brightest and keenest editorial writers Delaware ever had; he was intelligent, clear-headed and witty. His command of language was remarkable, and the best writers found in him an opponent worthy of their steel. He was associated with Dr. Prettyman for many years, first as a student of medicine, and later as associate editor. Under their combined efforts the paper assumed its prominence;

his untimely death was regretted by all, and left a gap which was difficult to fill.

Henry L. Hynson learned the newspaper business in the office of the NEWS under the tutelage of these men. His promotion was rapid. step by step, from compositor to editor. His comparative youth when he assumed control, was subject to remark, but not reflected in the paper. Its utterances from the first had a maturity and vigor that commanded respect. He was absolutely fearless; if it became necessary to attack the public conduct of a friend, it was done without hesitation. He never hedged nor dodged an issue, but spoke the truth as he understood it. His judgment and clear-headedness were remarkable, and when he had once determined upon a line of conduct which he thought to be right, he knew no defeat. His style was a pattern of lucidness, and he was noted for being able to express an idea more clearly and concisely than almost any other writer in the state. His satire was keen, and at times cutting, but always used for what he deemed to be a good purpose. He was a staunch friend, absolutely true and honest in every relation in life. The press of the State accorded him a place among their very ablest writers. In 1890 he was appointed chief clerk of the Bureau of Navigation, and served in that capacity till the expiration of President Harrison's term.

Because of its fearlessness and advanced position on questions of public interest, this paper has at all times met with bitter opposition from those holding different views. This opposition was strongest during the first few years of its existence. Its agitation of the anti-

slavery question through several years preceding the war, met with violent denunciation. The feeling against it grew so strong, that finally one night in 1859 a mob, headed by a number of violent pro-slavery leaders, assembled for the purpose of wrecking the plant. Two of the leading citizens, hearing of the movement, informed Dr. Prettyman of the intended violence. They were James Reedy, for so long one of our prominent merchants, and William D. Fowler. who is still living, a respected member of the community. When the attack was made the mob found the hallway barricaded, and Dr. Prettyman and his friends armed and fully prepared to defend the property. The men who helped to form the brave garrison were James H. Bell, Elbertson Little and Charles Little. The crowd were taken by surprise, as they expected little defense; after a time they retired, still muttering threats of future vengeance. All honor to this spartan band who risked considerable personal danger. rather than see a great wrong perpetrated.

The NEWS has been a good school for both religion and patriotism. It has graduated Rev. Samuel E. Smith, an Episcopal clergyman; Rev. Wm. H. Hutchin and Rev. E. P. Aldred, of the Methodist church; editors H. L. Hynson, Julius E. Scott, Robert D. Hoffecker and R. J. Mears; and soldiers, Captain Edward Lank, late of the Delaware volunteers, and Frederick Ennis, a young man of excellent character, who volunteered as a member of the First Delaware regiment during the civil war, and was killed at the battle of Fredericksburg. There are many other men prominent in our affairs, and some who have removed

elsewhere, who received much of their education in the school of the NEWS office.

For many years this paper has been published from rooms in the building known as the Reedy block. For a long period one of the busiest portions of the town, the U. S. post-office for some years being situated beneath. It now occupies the large room formerly known as Reedy's hall.

THE MILFORD CHRONICLE

In 1871 two active and enterprising young men, well known in the community, determined to start another paper. On the first Friday of October of that year the *Milford Chronicle* made its bow to the public, under the management of Scott & Townsend as editors and proprietors. Julius E. Scott learned the trade of printer in the office of the NEWS, and for a time was one of a firm of its publishers. Theodore Townsend had first exercised his talents as a journalist by contributing articles to the same during his travels. The paper was first printed on a hand press, but after success crowned their enterprise, this was discarded for a more modern cylinder press.

It was the first dollar paper issued in the state, and its success helped to demonstrate the feasibility of publishing local papers at that rate. Friday was selected as the day of issue, because of the time involved in getting off the edition on the hand press for the Saturday issue. From the first it secured the printing from the "Old Dominion Steamship Co," which ran a

line of boats from Lewes to New York. This was a great help to the young enterprise. Its home was at first in the building now occupied as a store-house by Wm. A. Humes & Son, and it was a seven-column, four-page paper.

In 1880 Mr. Scott sold his interest to William P. Corsa, who had formerly been publisher of the NEWS. The new firm of Corsa & Townsend changed the style of the sheet to an eight-column, four-page paper. In 1882 in order to meet the demands of the agriculturists, the make-up was again modified and transformed into an eight-page, six-column paper, one-half of which was called the "Delaware Farmer."

In 1885 Mr. R. H. Gilman purchased Corsa's interest; his association with the paper continued for about a year, when Theodore Townsend purchased his interest and became sole proprietor. In 1897 Mr. Townsend adopted the present style of a nine-column, four-page paper.

The *Milford Chronicle* has been a successful publication from its first issue, and during the twenty-one years of its existence never missed a number. Politically it has been independently Republican, bright, newsy and well printed. Editorially it has had its opinions, and urged them with vigor. For years it has been published in the Windsor block, South Milford. Mr. Townsend, the editor, is an affable gentleman, and interested in general affairs, for many years he has been an active member of council, and during the late war with Spain was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the first Delaware regiment. He is now Colonel of the Delaware militia.

This second paper in the town helped to increase the number of subscribers of local papers, and, hence, has been an educational force. It occupies a field that it has created, and which is largely its own.

THE MILFORD DEMOCRAT

The third paper was established in Milford in 1894, under the name of the *Milford Herald*, with Fisher & Stevens as editors and proprietors. It was neutral in politics, but with a decided Republican leaning. From the first it manifested considerable enterprise, and the reminiscent articles contributed by Judge Fisher, aroused much interest. It was a four-page paper and well printed.

In April, 1896, Charles G. Fisher, one of the proprietors, purchased the interest of Mr. Stevens, and continued as sole proprietor until July, 1897. Mr. Fisher had certain qualities which fitted him for newspaper work. He was well informed, and had a wide acquaintanceship and a keen scent for news. The paper, however, did not pay, as the field was already filled, and, consequently, its patronage was limited.

There had been a desire for some years by the leaders of the Democratic party for a paper in Milford to advocate the principles of their party. Therefore, in July, 1897, the plant was purchased by the Delaware Press and Publishing Company, and Ezekiel T. Cooper, Esq., assumed its editorial management. The new company put considerable money into the enterprise, and under the direction of Mr. Cooper it rapidly came to the front. He was an able writer, and

his genial nature won a host of friends and subscribers for his paper. He did not continue long as editor, owing to certain troubles in which he was involved, and for a time the *Herald* was edited by other parties. It gradually lost subscribers, and its existence for some months was a precarious one.

In August of the present year, the plant was purchased by Wilkinson Brothers, Mr. Henry Wilkinson, who established the *Milton Times*, assuming the active management. The name of the paper was changed to the *Milford Democrat*, and thus it continues Milford, a few doors west of the bank. It is Democratic to the present. It is published on Front street, North in politics, as its name implies, and under the management of the present proprietors is meeting with success. Mr. Wilkinson, a practical newspaper man and a pleasant gentleman, is rapidly making friends in our midst. Our citizens wish the new proprietors all success.

Such is the history of the press of this town; eleven papers in all having been issued, many of which expired early. Their utterances have not always been popular, and in many instances they have lost support because of a fearless expression of honest opinions. But their power for good cannot now be measured. From the first issue of the NEWS to the present time, newspapers have not been very remunerative investments; but they have accomplished a work which, on the whole, has been most worthy and invaluable.

Schools

ONE of the first school teachers in Milford, according to Scharf's history, was William Johnson, who bought the lots, northwest corner of Walnut and Water streets, when the town was laid out in 1787, and lived and died there. He was also a surveyor. The boundaries of his lot, taken from his own notes, are here given, as a specimen of a curiously minute description:

"Beginning at the intersection of said street, it being that point which lieth north eleven degrees east, forty-four seven inches from the diametrical centre of the body of a maple tree taken at the height of eighteen inches above the surface of the ground, standing in the edge of the cripple of said creek, below Milford bridge; thence running with Walnut street north eight degrees and fifty minutes west, thirty-three feet three inches, thence leaving said street north seventy-nine degrees, seven minutes and twenty-two seconds east, eighty-nine feet two inches and seven hundred and seventy and five-thousandths of an inch. Then south eight degrees and fifty minutes east, thirty-one feet and one million forty-nine thousand four hundred and seventy-five ten-millionths of an inch to Water street; thence with Water street south seventy-seven degrees and forty-four minutes west, ninety feet home to the place of beginning. Containing two thousand eight hundred and eighty and eight superficial square feet and seventy-nine square inches and seventy million one hundred and eighty-three thousand and twenty and seven-hundredth millionths of an inch."

Like all the schools down to 1832, Johnson's was a private one. probably kept at his own house. In his note-book the following entries appear: Thursday, March 25th, 1778, "Notice is taken that James Train called William Russell a liar; witness William Pope." "Notice is taken that Peter Robinson was absent from school till the evening." "Notice is taken that James Train came to an engagement in school this evening."

The Milford Academy was built in 1810, and many of our older citizens received their education there, or were prepared for college. Among the earliest teachers was Thomas Hayes, succeeded in 1813 by William Towner. Five years later the principal was the Rev. Henry Judah, rector, at the same time, of Christ church. He was followed by the Rev. Joseph Spencer, also rector of the church. Mr. Spencer became later a teacher in the Episcopal Academy, Philadelphia; and, in 1824, professor of ancient languages in Dickinson College. The next principal was Wm. W. Wolfe, a medical student here in the office of Dr. Burton, and afterwards for many years a practitioner of medicine in Milton. Then came Joshua G. Baker, followed (1830) by William Crosman. During these twenty years these well-known names have, among others, been on the roll of scholars: John M. Clayton, George P. Fisher, Daniel Currey, Caleb S. Layton, Joshua S. Layton, Hiram W. McColley, James P. Lofland, Curtis S. Watson, Bethuel Watson, James Henry McColley, Daniel C. Godwin. In 1831–32 the school was under the charge of two young men, Wells and Emerson, graduates of Yale college; they are pleasantly remembered by persons

still living in the town, who were their pupils. After these came Frank Backus and his brother William, also of Yale. In 1835 the principal was O. K. Howard; he took orders, some time later, in the Episcopal Church. The next year the master of the school was Erastus Foote, afterwards a professor in Delaware college; then, from 1839 to 1843, the Rev. John Reynolds. In 1844 the Rev. John L. McKim was principal of the academy. He was a member of the class of 1830 (Dickinson), and is believed to be at this date, the oldest living graduate of the college.

Mr. McKim moved to Georgetown in 1845, and was succeeded in the school by Mr. Root, who was followed, the next year, by William Sharp, a graduate of Yale. In 1846 the academy passed into the control of commissioners of the free schools. In the next twenty years or more the classical teachers were, James D. Prettyman, A. G. Marlatt, Edward Miller, William T. Collins and W. R. Aldred. In 1867, as the successor of these men, the Rev. J. Leighton McKim opened a school which, notwithstanding much competition, was successfully maintained for ten years. Among the assistant teachers were the following, all college graduates: Charles C. Barton, Henry F. Rodney, Robert Grimshaw, Lewis F. Morris, P. F. Seabrook, C. R. Layton and Elbert B. Taylor. The decennial catalogue gives the names of more than 450 scholars during the period.

Another school was in operation, most of this time, under the charge of the following exceptionally good scholars and teachers: Chas. W. Reed and James M. Williams, E. B. Gaylord, Charles W. Super, and William Lord. Mr. Reed is at this date the president

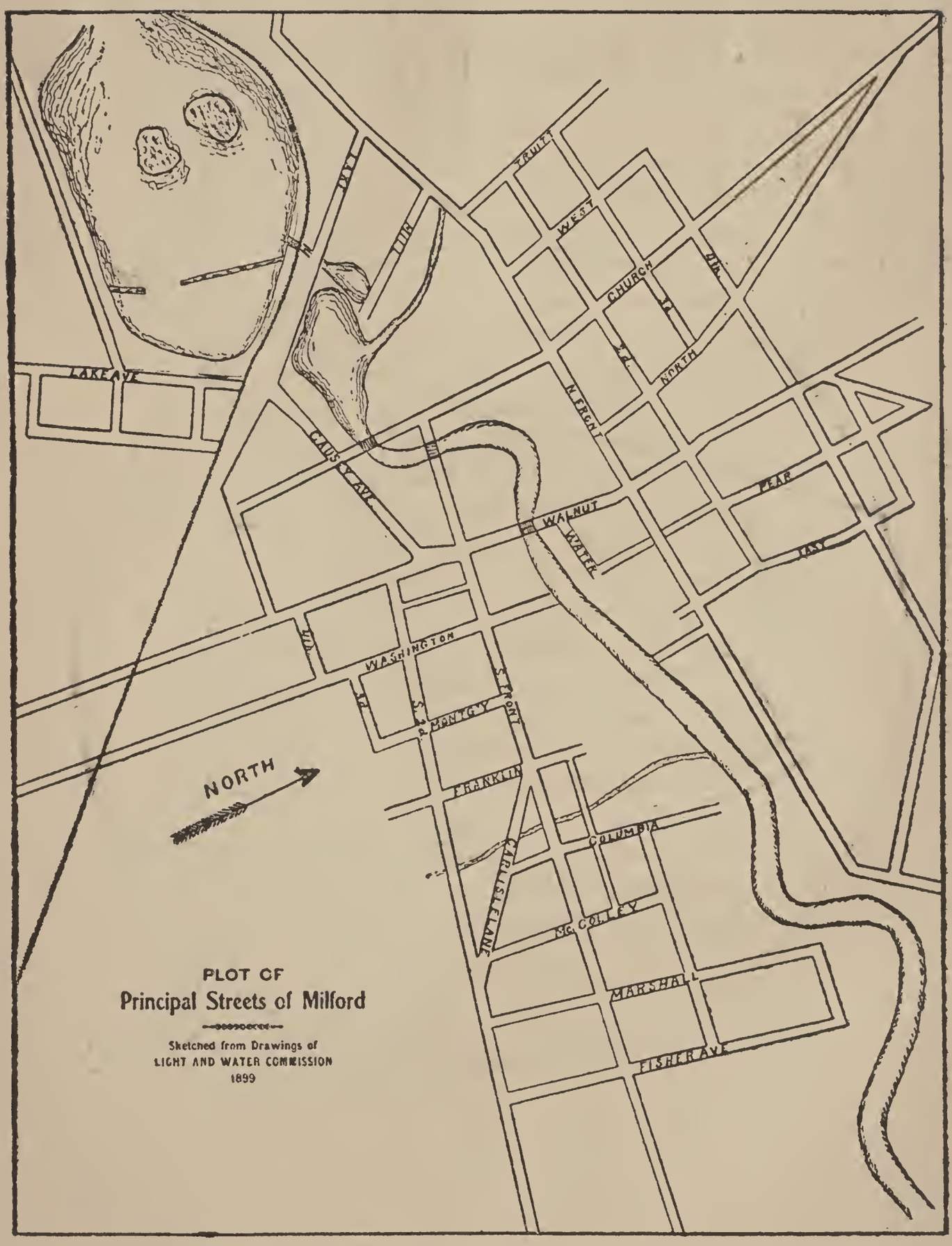
of Washington College, Md., and Mr. Williams, now deceased, was for some years principal of the Conference Academy, Dover. Other teachers were Robert Christian and R. E. Maranville.

The Classical Academy was organized in 1883 and chartered in 1886. The principals of the school since that time has been as follows: In 1884, George Rugg; 1885–86, William J. Lloyd; 1886–89, Alfred C. Arnold; 1890, William S. Stevens and L. L. Bounds; 1892, Samuel Abbott; 1893–94, Robert Shloss; 1895–96, Ruby Vale; 1897–98, Robert E. Roe.

These teachers and their assistants have been with hardly an exception well qualified for their work, and many of them have since been chosen to positions of greater importance and responsibility.

Our public schools were established in compliance with the general school law, and have been the medium of education for most of our citizens. The first school was opened at the junction of Church and North streets. About the same time another was established on Second Street, south. These grew into several districts, but in 1877, by act of Legislature, those of each side were consolidated. In the present year another act united the districts which had been divided by the river. It is impossible to mention the names of teachers, they have been too numerous, and we should do injustice in omitting any; suffice it to say, they have done an excellent work, and their names are cherished by hosts of former pupils. At present the schools are in a flourishing condition and promise a successful future.

H Collins
H. Collins
Parnel
Town Limits Hall
H. Collins
E Collins
E Collins
G S Adkins
Cullen's Branch
Mary R. Shockley
Mary R Shockley
Road to Frederica
Mrs. Dewael
C.T. Fleming
G Oliver
Town Limits
John Wallace
G.S Adkins
J.T. Burleigh
P F Causey
Dr J P Lofland
Henry May
Nathan Davis
Paul Knabbs
(Drapers Landing
River
Bridge
River
NORTH
-Milford-
Town limits in 1829
After a plot of CHAS FLEMING



PLOT OF

Principal Streets of Milford

Sketched from Drawings of
LIGHT AND WATER COMMISSION
1899

Beautiful Kent

HOW sweet are thy meadows,
O ! beautiful Kent !
Where Nature is smiling
And man is content,—
The wheat fields that billow
And break like the sea,
The note of the mocking-bird
Calling to me ;
The drone of the bees,
And the wealth of perfume
That floats where the hedges
Run riot with bloom;
The old-fashioned gardens
That roses adorn ;
The darkies all singing
At work in the corn—
These, these are the glories
That heaven hath sent
Thy sons and thy daughters,
O ! beautiful Kent !

How pleasant to ramble
When early at morn
The dew is a-glisten
On blossom and thorn ;
To traverse the path
At the close of day,
And pluck the wild roses
That grow by the way !
The blossoms that whiten

The orchards in spring,
The plowmen afield,
And the birds on the wing;
The long line of fences
That shimmer between
The clover-fields gaudy
In crimson and green,—
All, all are proclaiming
That nature has meant
Her sons should be happy
In beautiful Kent.

When daylight is fading,
And out in the west
The sun in his splendor
Goes proudly to rest,
Then homeward to wander,
All certain to share
The greeting of loved ones
Awaiting us there,—
From hearts overflowing,
Whose memories keep
The loved ones that wake,
And the loved ones asleep.
There strife cannot enter,
And murmurings cease;
For Trust shall abide
In the dwelling of Peace;
And when the last hours
Of our life have been spent,
We'll sleep in the bosom,
Of beautiful Kent.

—G. B. H.

DEC 23 1899

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